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LEGENDA

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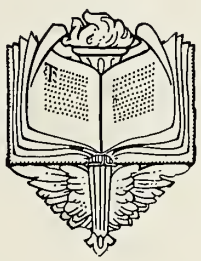


LEGENDA

PUBLISHED BY THE

CLASS OF 1921

ARTHUR HILL HIGH SCHOOL



SAGINAW, WEST SIDE, MICHIGAN
JUNE, NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE



Mr. Harold W. Steele

Superintendent of West Side Schools



MISS DONA C. BOYLE

Dedication

To our loyal, devoted, and much
beloved teacher

Miss Dona C. Boyle

we dedicate this
Legenda



PRINCIPAL A. C. MORRISON

FOREWORD

WITH this issue of the Legenda, we are able to present to our patrons a book more representative of students' work than former publications have been. This has been made possible by the introduction of the Art Department into our curriculum. All panels and headings are productions of art students who worked under the general supervision of the art teacher.

We wish at this time to thank everyone who has been instrumental in making this publication worthy and representative of the Class of '21.

We now leave you to ramble at will throughout the pages of this annual, hoping that you will find it a pleasant and enjoyable pastime.

THE LEGENDA BOARD



LEGENDA STAFF



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Our Tribute

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.

The time is drawing near when we must inevitably part and assume our various tasks in the world of today. Before we become separated, and while we are yet united as a class, we think it is appropriate for us to make some outward signs of our gratitude and devotion to those teachers who have so zealously guided and assisted us in our various enterprises throughout our high school career.

We may honestly say that to them we owe our ideals and ambitions with which we are about to enter society.

It is due to their earnest efforts and sympathetic understanding of our faults and caprices, and their patient endeavors in striving to correct them that we are not going out into the world as self-centered young people, but are able to take our places in this vast republic as useful and intelligent citizens.

In their task and responsibility of enlightening the minds of youth, we see the evidences of a sympathetic interest in humanity and of unselfish lives from which we have learned that the greatest happiness in life is derived from living for others.

They have, moreover, caused us to realize what a vast world of opportunity lies before us, and because of their cheerful influence upon us, we are able to enter that world with an optimistic view of life.

We may also say that the faith and hope which they have placed in us instills a desire to become successful men and women, to realize our responsibilities, and to assume them in such a manner that they shall be proud of their students.

LESLIE EYNON,
IRENE GELINAS.



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MISS DONA C. BOYLE

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BESSIE CLOSE, President
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ELIZABETH ALDERTON

"When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

Legenda Staff
Classical Club

ROBERT ALLARDYCE

"Pens are most dangerous tools, more sharp by odds
Than swords, and cut more keen than whips or rods."

Debating Team
Hi-Y. Club
Junior Play

RUTH APPLEBY

"Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke."

Classical Club
Legenda Staff

RUTH AVERY

"Yet graceful ease and sweetness, void of pride,
Would hide her faults if she had faults to hide."

President Mathematical Club
Girls' Club

HAZEL BASKIN

"A happy soul that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day,"

Girls' Club
Mathematical Club

HAZEL BEACH

"Oh fervent eyelids letting through,
Those eyes the queerest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey."

Girls' Club
Legenda Staff

NELLIE BLACKSTONE

"She in sooth,
Possess'd an air and grace by no means common."

Legenda Staff
Senior Party Committee

LAURETTA BLEUM

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

Senior Party Committee
Junior Play





ELMA BRADFORD
"Words however are things."
Classical Club
Debating Team
Girls' Club

WALTER BOHNOFF
"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

MAURICE BROWN
"Title and profit I resign,
The post of honor shall be mine."
Guard—Football Team
Senior Play

HARRY BURROWS
"My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Are all unlocked to your occasion."

DUANE CHAMBERLIN
"Such men as he are never at heart's ease,
Whil'st they behold another greater than themselves."
Junior-Senior Play
Vice-President Class '21

EDWARD CHERRY
"I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none."
Advertising Manager Criterion

LYDIA CHRIST
"Heard melodies are sweet,
But unheard melodies are sweeter."

HELEN CLAFLIN
"O blessed with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."
Girls' Club





CLAUDE CLARK

"Yet, he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was at fault."

Scholarship Student
Legenda Staff

BESSIE CLOSE "BESS"

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all praise is faint."

President Class '21
Debating Team '20

CARL COMPTON

"He was—but words fail to tell what;
Think what a man should be and he was that."

ARTHUR CURRAN "ART"

"Just a kid, and like all kids—kiddish."

ETHEL CURRAN
"Happy art thou as if every day thou had'st picked up a horseshoe."
Junior Play

MARGARET CURTIS
"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warm, to comfort and command."
Senior Play
Girls' and Classical Clubs

BISHOP DAVIS
"Man doth what he can,
God what He will."
Basketball, '21

DOROTHY DOERFNER
"Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me."
Girls' Club





LEONA DOLLHOPF
"Most felt, less said."

FRANCIS DUFF
"A face with gladness overspread!"
Girls' and Mathematical Club

LESLIE EYNON
"He is a master and lord of his brothers
Who is worthier than they?"
Hi-Y Club
Junior Play
Oratory
Scholarship Student

IRENE GELINAS
"Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."
Classical and
Mathematical Club

ORVILLE GILE

"I profess not talking only this,
Let each man do his best."

HARRY GNATHOWSKI

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please."

Mathematical Club
Oratorical Contest
Scholarship Student

LEOTA GOODROW "BETTY"

"Thy cradled brows and loveliest loving lips,
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,
And all thy goodly glory."

Girls' Club
Senior Play

IRENE GROSS

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Winner of 100 word per minute dictation, Bay City.





IRMA GRUMWELL

"Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies."

Girls' Club

ELLA HAINES

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Mathematical and Girls' Clubs

JAMES HAY "JIMMY"

"None but himself could be his parallel."

Basketball Team '20.

GLADYS HARPER

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous and gentle, tho retired."

Girls' Club
Legenda Staff

GRACE HARPER

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in the evening skies."

Girls' Club
Junior Play

MILDRED HEIDGER

"Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness."

Girls' Club

ROSCOE HEFRON

"I never did repent for doing wrong,
Nor shall I do so now."

Senior Play
Legenda Board

JOHN HERZOG

"The only comfort of my life
Is that I never yet had wife."

Oratory
Assistant Business Manager
Criterion





OLIVE HYMANS

"She is pretty to walk with,
She is witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Legenda Staff
Junior and Senior Play

SYLVIA KAISER

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Girls' Club

HENRY KEHREN

"A mighty player, blessed with plain reason and a sober sense."

Senior Play
Football '20

RUDOLPH KRAUSE

"The man who is fond of good books,
Is usually a man of lofty thought and elevated opinion."

Hi-Y Club

WINIFRED LANGE
"Much corn lies under the straw that is not seen."
Hi-Y Club

DOROTHY LEWELLYN
"Love hangs like light about your name,
As music round the shell."
Basketball 2nd Team

ILA MARBLE
"Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain."
Girls' Club
Basketball 2nd Team

EARL MARQUIS
"Silent, uttering lore that all things understand."
Baseball





FRANK McDERMID
"In him manners are more expressive than words."
Hi-Y Club
Junior and Classical Play

CAROLINE MYERS
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in a woman."

EDITH MILLER
"A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting."

ELLA MORGAN
"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."
Oratory
Legenda Staff

JACK OCHSENKEHL

"Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line."

Senior Play
Football '20

IDA OSTERBECK "BECKY"

"In athletic sports she doth excel,
And since the mark she hits so well,
Her aim in life, ah, who can tell?"

Junior and Senior Play
Girls' Club

FYLLIS OSTRANDER "PHIL"

"She that was ever fair and never proud.
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

Girls' and Mathematical Club

LENA PANKONIN

"Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one
As the braided streamlets run."

Girls' Club





EDWARD PETERS
"Learn to write well,
Or not to write at all."

MARGARET PITTS
"Blest the day and hour,
When Peggy's charms I first surveyed,
When first I felt their power!"
Mathematical Club

GLADYS PLAMBECK
"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

ANN POWELL
"She talked, she smiled, my heart she ruled
She charmed my soul I wist na how."
Classical Club
Legenda Staff

CARRIE PURCHASE
" 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich."
Legenda Staff

RICHARD RANKIN
"A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men."
Legenda Staff
Junior Play

CAROL REDMOND
"Come trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

DOROTHEA REICKLE
"Blessed with that charm a certainty to please."
Basketball '20
Legenda Staff





LILLIAN REISNER

"Through her expressive eyes,
Her soul distinctly spoke."

Classical and Girls' Club

CATHERINE RICE

"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before her bright."

Legenda Staff
Editor of Criterion
Girls' Club

EVELYN RICHTER

"Her friends—they are many,
Her foes—are there any?"

JOSEPH ROBERTSON

"My duties as a gentleman have never interferred with my pleasures."

Hi-Y Club

JUNIOR ROCKWOOD
"What judgment shall I dread,
Doing no wrong?"

WALTER ROESER "KID"
"We know him well, no need of praise."
Basketball '21
Legenda Board

GRETCHEN ROETHKE
"Her lightest breath, her least remark,
Was worth the experience of the wise."
Girls' Club
Legenda Staff

DOROTHY SCHENDEL
"Reproof on her lips but a smile in her eye."
Mathematical and Girls' Club





RUTH SCHOENEBERG

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Junior Play
Senior Party Committee

LAURA SCHWAHN

"She is a quiet maiden, and studious withal;
In disposition staid, and not so very tall."

Junior Play
Legenda Staff

RUSSELL SHEPHERD

"To love his fellowmen sincerely,
To act from honest matters purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

Winner of Oratorical Contest
Hi-Y Club

PAULINE SMITH "SCHMITTY"

"Without a sorrow, without a care,
With her laughing eyes and flying hair."

Basket Ball '21

RUSSELL STICKNEY
"Rare compound of oddity, jollity, and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."
Hi-Y Club
Senior Play Committee

ETTA STIELOW
"A loving little life of sweet small works."

RUSSELL SWARTHOUT
"Have all thy will of words; talk out thine heart."

WARREN THOMSON
"True merit is like a river,
The deeper it is the less noise it makes."
Junior Play





ELLA TURNBULL

"She moves a goddess and she looks looks like a queen."

Girls' Club

EDWARD URE

"Surely never did there live on earth, A man of kindlier nature."

Hi-Y Club

MILTON WAGER

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife."

Hi-Y Club

Junior and Senior Play

HERBERT WETTLAUFER

"I wean he seems of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

Senior Play

Class Treasurer '21

ALMA WEICHMANN

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

ELMO WILKINSON

"Oh, how very thankful I always should be,
That I have kind parents to watch over me,
Who teach me from wickedness to flee."

Swimming Team

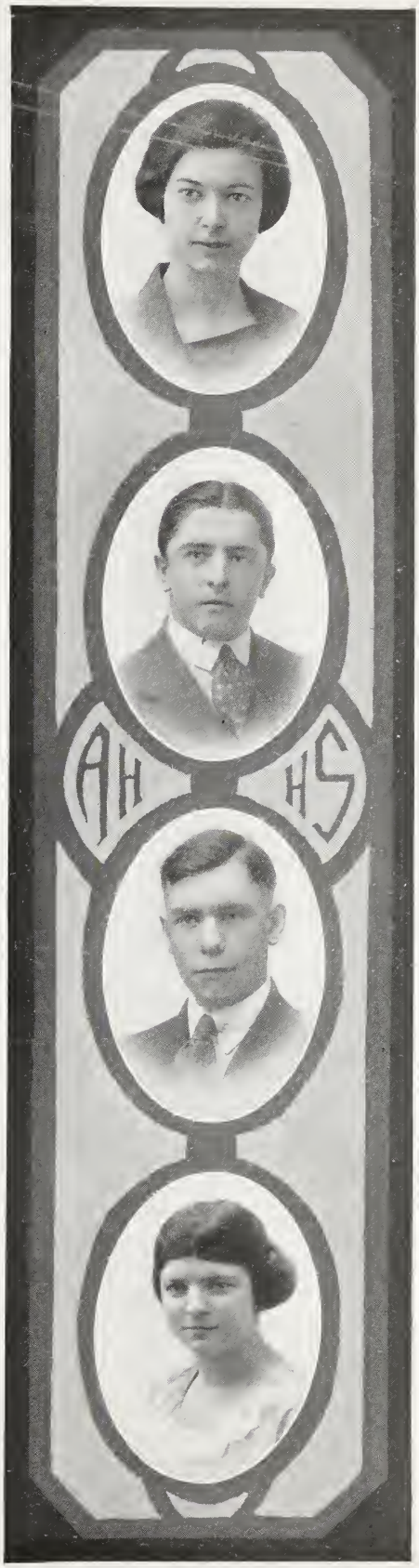
CLARENCE WILKINSON

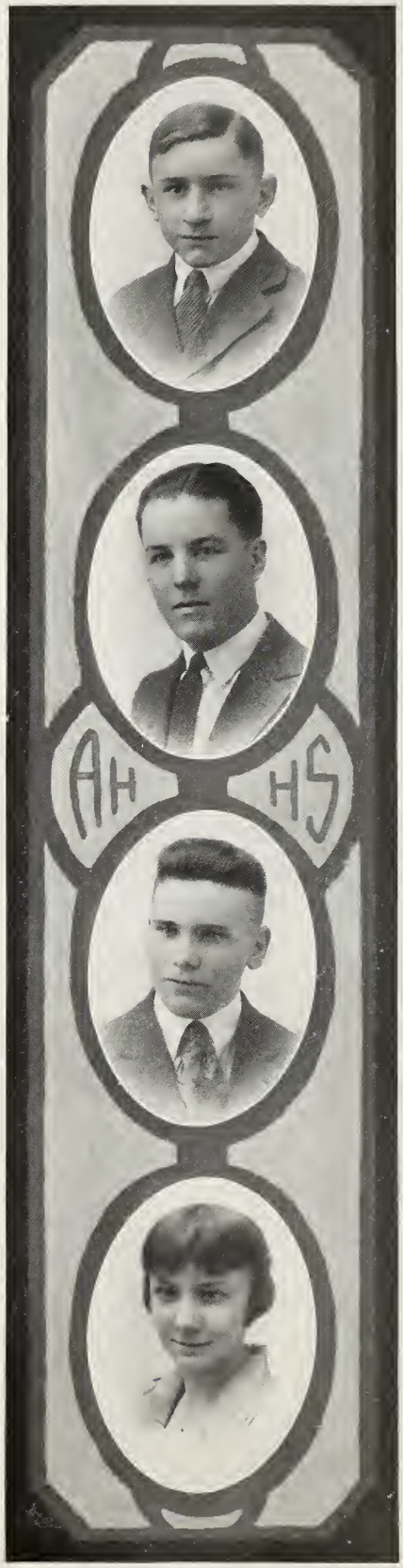
"Much I know, but to know all is my ambition."

IMRA WILTSE

"As a maiden should be, mild and meek,
Quick to hear, and slow to speak."

Winner of 3rd place in 120 word per minute dictation





LLOYD WILTSE

"Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure,
But seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse."

ARTHUR WITHAM

"A true man, pure as faith's own vow
Whose honor knows not rust."

Business Manager Criterion
Legenda Staff

ENOCH YATES

"Your vast ambition leaves no fame for me."

Scholarship Student
Legenda Staff

OTTILIA ZORN

"Whose life is like the violet sweet,
As climbing jasmine pure."

Girls' Club


Literary

Home Talent

Gretchen Roethke

It was during the Summer, while I was spending my vacation at Green Island, that I attempted another of my wild projects which met with no better success than many of my previous ones.

Although the war was over, many of its participants were still feeling its cruel reaction, and even in the secluded little village of Green Island, the resorters were not able to ignore the call to help starving Europe.

One morning, as Mary Rogers and I were sitting on the veranda of Emerald Inn contemplating a game of tennis, my dear aunt, our chaperon, tried to interest us in a newspaper giving the most recent statistics of European deaths caused from lack of food.

"My dear children, you are too frivolous and too obstinately insensible to the griefs of others. Why don't you do something really worth while?" Mrs. Bassett's daughter has made a house-to-house canvass and, so far, has collected ten dollars and fifty cents for war orphans."

"Yes, ten dollars and forty-nine cents of that she has used for her taxi bill, probably," contributed my cousin, somewhat acidly.

"Perhaps, but at least, that one cent will be given with a feeling of love and sympathy."

This parting remark took a much deeper hold upon us than my aunt realized; we were so lost in our thoughts that we scarcely heeded her departure.

The next morning found Mary and me making our way to the village where a troupe of cheap vaudeville players intended to put on a show for the coming week. After our lecture on selfishness, we had decided we must do something by which more than one cent would be sent to Europe.

Two hundred dollars was to be our goal.

After locating the manager of the troupe, we finally succeeded in extracting a promise from him that he would put on an entirely new bill, which consisted largely of acrobatic feats and a hackneyed magician, for one night to help us in our charitable enterprise.

"Seeing it's for a good cause, I'll put it on for only fifty dollars!" he announced condescendingly.

"Fifty dollars for that amateur stuff!" we thought, but ended our interview politely, saying, "We'll think it over."

But we did no such thing. If people were starving, why should we diminish the proceeds by paying a part of them to a vaudeville troupe? Why not put on the show ourselves.

The next few days found us very busy. After taking four other girls into our confidence, we finally made out a program consisting of some of the latest song hits, and such other features as Mr. Hoge's "Interpretation of the Movies"; "The League of Nations' Dance"; "The Looking Glass Farce," and the "Imperial Green Island Ballet."

Our rehearsals went on secretly until the hand-made posters were distributed, stating that a small company of actors would exhibit their talent on the evening of July fourteenth. By withholding further details, we hoped to arouse the curiosity of the villagers and farmers, and have a full house.

We induced Bill Hanley to rent us the old moving picture hall for ten dollars. That ended our business transactions, we thought, and secured us a fine collection for the orphans.

We had planned to rest until eight o'clock on the next day and then inform our friends we were going to the village show. We were sure our appearance at the village theater would be a complete surprise since the two musicians and the handy man, who pulled the curtain and shifted our necessary pieces of furniture, such as the looking glass, promised complete secrecy.

"The chorus girls of "The Passing Show" are certainly making themselves scarce!" said one of the fellows at the hotel. "I haven't even seen the vamps!"

"They're probably good looking peaches," Mary suggested, as calmly as if in two hours she would not be exercising her vocal powers to such an extent that the Europeans would be glad they lived over the sea.

At half past six, we all managed to meet at the cross roads with our make up and clothes. June Crofton was going to drive us to the back entrance of the rickety old show house. June was a flighty girl and as the car swerved aside to avoid running over a member of the suicide club—a chicken—she lost control of it, and we ran straight into a telephone pole.

The windshield was shattered, the radiator dented, one light a complete wreck, and still worse, the occupants were a sorry sight. June's arms were badly cut, Mary's head bruised, and Ethel's ankle sprained; I was the only one uninjured.

Sometimes things aren't as bad as they seem. After we had torn up some of our royal robes and bandaged June's arms, she tried to start the car and it actually responded.

Shortly afterwards, a weary, disheartened group of girls drew up at the rear entrance of the theater amid groans, sobs, etc. Since I was the only presentable one left, I was delegated to announce the castastrophe to the audience. But when I peeked out at the audience from behind the curtain, and saw the crowd of eager, expectant farmers, to whom such a show was an event, I changed my mind.

"I can't do it," I said, "They need amusement as badly as the Europeans need food. Besides, there's Bassett's daughter who collected ten dollars and fifty cents, sitting in the front row. How she would laugh if she heard of our failure!"

"What can we do about it?" came a chorus of angry voices.

"I know! While you keep the audience entertained, I'll get the vaudeville troupe to put on a show. They'll only charge fifty dollars! We will still have a good deal left. Mary, you and June aren't hurt so very badly. You rig up and go into the audience and act like regular 'rubes.' Flirt with the men, and ask the women if they've seen your husband. You'll simply have to suffer for a little while." Then I was off.

The manager acted very ungracious. He said if a crowd of girls were putting on a show and trying to spoil his business, he could not help them out for fifty dollars.

After much gesticulating, expostulating, and anything which consumed the valuable time, I succeeded in engaging the vaudeville troupe for one hundred and fifty dollars.

When we reached the show house, the crowd was in a jolly humor. The girls had done their work well. When the performance finally began we slipped out and went home.

The next day we met to discuss the situation. Ethel had been more seriously injured than the rest. We counted the money taken in and found a total of one hundred and seventy-six dollars. Subtracting from that one hundred and fifty dollars for the troupe, ten dollars for the hall, and ten dollars for the musicians, there would

be six dollars left.

"Six dollars will be sent with love and sympathy," quoted Mary.

"Nothing doing!" June interrupted. "You've got to help me pay for the smashed car. The garage man said it would cost eighty-three dollars and I need some help."

In the end we each paid one-sixth of eighty-three dollars and sent the six dollars "with love and sympathy."

THE BONNET AND THE RAIN

The day had been so dull and warm,
  It caused us all to sigh,
When in a flash, we saw, afar,
  A cloud up in the sky.

The air grew thick, and thicker still,
  We could not breathe so well.
The whole sky, now with the clouds did fill;
  The rain came down pell-mell!

"Oh," wailed a trim young maid, aghast,
  As she began to fret;
"Pa says this bonnet is my last,
  And now it will get wet!"

A poor, old lady tottering came;
  The rain around her poured.
The miss walked past her all the same,
  Her bonnet might get spoiled.

The poor, old lady looked amazed at this young thing so rude.
  "Ah, shelter me!" she cried aloud.
"Impossible, I'd spoil my hood,"
  The pert young thing avowed.

The old world rushes, helter-skelter, so
  We must look apart
From those who have a bonnet to shelter
  Instead of a loving heart.

C. L. PURCHASE.



Johnnie Williamson's Tie

What do we wear neckties for, anyway; especially those big, bright red ones that are so hard to get on? Have you ever been late for the theater or dance, and then, you just could not make that tie stay on? Well, it just spoils your whole evening. You walk about wondering what people are saying. Is it on straight? Is it all wrinkled up? And then, at last, the evening is over and you get home and look into the mirror, only to find that the tie was all right, after all.

Johnnie Williamson stood before his mirror, struggling valiantly with his new tie. It was the evening of the school ball, and John had asked the very popular Mabel Wiltse to accompany him to the dance. Mabel had beauxs galore, and Johnnie surely felt proud that she had accepted him. Of course, he must look his best, for, perhaps, he might please her, and not be cast off so quickly as many of her admirers had been. At last, Johnnie became exasperated and lost his temper completely. Curse followed curse, until our hero had exhausted all the curses contained in his vocabulary, which was quite a feat, since his supply was, by no means limited.

"Quarter to eight," he exclaimed. "Got to be there at 8:15! Like to get the guy who invented these things."

But, at last, after much pulling and tugging, the darned thing was on. Johnnie dashed from the house and hurried down the street. But on his way, these doubtful thoughts began to assail him. "Do I look all right? That tie! I wonder if it's crooked? What will Mabel think of me?"

Mabel came to the door.

"Hello, Mabel,"—Johnnie made a quick tug at his tie.—"I hope you're feeling well, I feel just like having a great time"—glances around to see if there is a mirror within reach.

"Well, Johnnie, you're just on time. Most of the men come around so early. But I'm all ready. I feel as if I were in magic boots. I could dance all night."

John's face was scarlet. He fumbled with his hat. He had never before felt so embarrassed. He felt sure that Mabel was looking at his tie. And he just stood there like a dummy!

At the dance, the situation became even more distasteful to poor Johnnie. He could not keep off his partner's feet. All the eyes of the dancers seemed to be fixed upon him.

"I can't dance tonight, Mabel, I've ruined your pumps. I hope you will forgive me," whispered John as he was waltzing with his friend.

"Oh, I guess I can. It's quite noticeable that you can't dance tonight. Who are you thinking about, anyway? I hope it isn't that red-headed Jones girl over in the corner. You've been paying her quite a bit of attention tonight," replied Mabel, just a little coldly.

Johnnie noticed the tone of her voice. He knew what it meant. She felt foolish dancing with a fellow who wore a rumpled up tie. After the dance, he went to the dressing room and "fussed" again with that troublesome little nuisance. One thing comforted him, for he saw three of his friends engaged in the same process. But the tie just would not change its appearance for the better. The more John fussed, the worse the tie seemed to become. At last, he returned to the ball room, feeling even more ill at ease.

Finally, the evening ended.

"Shall we walk or ride home?" asked John.

He felt sure Mabel did not care to walk with a clown like him, but, nevertheless, he thought he would ask her, anyway.

"Let's walk," replied Mabel, much to John's surprise. "It isn't far, and it's such a wonderful night. Oh, I'm glad that's over. It's such a relief to be in the open air," sighed Mabel when they reached the pavement.

"Well, I suppose you ought to be glad. I've spoiled the whole evening for you."

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that," replied Mabel, laughing softly.

Then came the walk home in the moonlight. The streets were very quiet, not even an automobile was seen. Mabel and John walked along in silence; each was attempting to read the mind of the other. Finally, when they reached Mabel's house, she asked, with a touch of sarcasm:

"How does your tie feel, Johnnie?"

"I knew you noticed it," answered John, downheartedly. "It looked awful. Everyone seemed to look at me. How foolish you must have felt.

Mabel laughed. "Well, I don't think it looked so bad. In fact a number of girls spoke to me of your beautiful tie. Just think! They even asked if it were a gift from me. How silly some girls are!"

"But how did you know my tie was troubling me?" asked Johnnie.

"Well, you see, I know men rather well. I've watched my brother quite often and I know all your weaknesses. I saw you were not at ease, and I knew it must be your tie. Besides," explained Mabel, "I was in the same boat as you. You can't imagine how glad I was when I got out of the place. I did something just awfully foolish. You won't tell if I tell you? Promise?"

"Honest—cross my heart, I won't."

"Well, then, here goes. You see, John, we girls just love to wear these puffs on our ears, the bigger the better. (They are such horrible things and I hate them.) I wanted to have some great big ones and I did something terrible. I bet you'll never forgive me if I tell you."

"Forgive you? Well, I guess it would be a pretty poor sport who wouldn't forgive you. Well, come on. Confess your great crime. Was it murder or something? I'll be the judge of this affair."

Then Mabel looked up at him, her eyes wide open with mock fear and her lips pursed. "Oh, John, I put some paper in my puffs to make them big. You can't imagine how I felt at the party. I was so afraid that they would show. Oh, forgive me, John, please," and so saying Mabel sobbed piteously upon the shoulder of Johnnie and he, like one well versed in the art of love-making, fondly embraced her.

"Why, Mabel, that wasn't anything."

"Oh, but it was so silly of me. I'm such a little fool," cried Mabel.

"Oh, but you are not," said Johnnie.

"Oh, but I am!"

"You're not!"

"I am!"

"Keep quiet. You know I'm to be the judge of this affair," commanded Johnnie authoritatively.

"Well then, judge, what is my sentence? Hurry, for this suspense will kill me."

"Prepare, young lady, for the sentence is a severe one," said the judge.

"Oh, dear, you make me suffer so. I'm only a girl and——"

"Oh, Mabel, look at the moon," exclaimed John, and Mabel looked. The moon was directly above them and Mabel received her sentence.

HARRY GNATKOWSKI.

The Black Gems Of Cassa

Edythe Rhinevault

The long line began to move snake-like and glittering toward the gate of the city. From a window of her palace, the Princess Parthis watched; and her cruel heart beat fast as she saw this line of warriors who were going forth on her own selfish mission. She was a beautiful princess, but dissatisfied and ambitious. Her very whims became laws, and this mission was her latest fancy. She stood at her window unmovable until the last of the line had vanished outside the great gate of the city. Then turning into the large room, she went before an image of the God Esar, and throwing herself at the feet of the idol cried out:

"Oh, Esar, in thy power it lies. Give them strength to bring to their princess, the great black necklace. That necklace now in the temple of Cassa, in the land of the demon Assyrians. Give power, I implore thee, to The Babylonians."

Rising, she bade one of her maidens burn a sacrifice to the god. Another handmaid she called to take down her hair, and then the princess lay calmly down on her silken cushions. The warm Eastern breezes played over her dark face and hair; but she was soon lost in sleep, dreaming of the conquered Assyrians.

The Babylonian and Assyrian armies had many fierce battles. There was much blood-shed and desruction; but after several days of war, the Babylonians forced their way to the temple of Cassa. This temple was a magnificent old structure, six hundred feet in height, and its walls were rich with carvings. It was sacred to the Assyrian god, Padue; and the most esteemed and valued treasure in it was the rope of black pearls. These were what the Babylonians were to take to their princess, no matter what the cost.

At last the day came, when the Babylonian warriors were to return to their native country with the war prize. The gates of the city were thrown open, and there was great revelry and feasting. The Princess and her court were assembled under a huge canopy on the plain over which the army was to pass. At the head of the army came Benon, the general. He rode a sleek, black steed, and following him came an Ethopian slave, carrying on a satin cushion, the elaborate necklace.

When Benon reached the princess, he dismounted, took the cushion from the slave and bowing low before the dipros on which the princess was seated, presented her with the treasure saying:

"Oh divine majesty, I have fulfilled thy mission. I have brought also to thee, oh Parthis, an aged man who was once the guard of thy necklace in the temple of Cassa. He alone can relate to thee the tale of our spoil."

The princess bade him rise and addressed him thus:

"Thou, Benon hast completed thy duty. Bring now before me this creature, who would relate the tale. Make certain, Benon, he speaks not falsely."

Two slaves then brought before the throne the old man, Narga. He was forced to salute the princess as Benon had done, and then began his tale.

These were the words with which he brought it to an end.

"Some day, I feel, that we Assyrians shall recover our black jewels, but until then we shall be ever watchful of them. And thou, Parthis, thou will never have peace, while you possess them. Mark my words

well, all who hear, who ever has these jewels shall lose them, for they shall be stolen. I care not who owns them. Wherever the jewels go, there will be war until they are restored. But, if they be given back without bloodshed, the last owner shall be happy."

After the princess had grown tired of her necklace, it was locked away with the other treasures of the court and almost forgotten.

But, in Assyria, the black jewels were remembered. In the heart of every Assyrian simmered wrath and revenge. Then an order of Assyrian men was formed. Their leader was Magon, and they swore a solemn oath that they and their descendants would never give up the search until the black jewels were restored to the temple of Cassa.

The ages rolled on, Babylon rose and fell, the Assyrians had their day; but they did not recover their jewels. The necklace was taken from one place to another. How, only the gods know.

* * * * * *

Sylvia Zane had been studying in Paris for several months. She was one of these American girls who have plenty of money, and like their freedom. She was pretty and frivolous; and at the present time, she was trying her hand at painting.

Quite frequently she visited old curiosity shops in search of some old minatures. It was on one of these visits that she found a string of black pearls. She had happened to stop to inquire about a small painting in the window, and while the owner of the shop was wrapping it, she wandered about looking over the stock.

The shop was very old and dusty. There were shelves on the walls covered with the usual curios found in such places. In a corner of one of the lower shelves, she saw an odd, red velvet box. It was very dusty, and as she picked it up, a spider ran out from behind it. On opening it, she found the string of black pearls.

"Oh, monsieur," she cried, "how much do you want for these?"

"They are worth two-hundred francs," he replied.

"Let me see," said Sylvia thoughtfully, "that is forty dollars, is it not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," said the old man, "do you want them?"

"I think I do," said Sylvia, "because they are so odd. Where did they come from?"

"I could not tell you. Most of this stock was here when I bought the shop. Will there be anything else?"

"No, that is all for now."

Sylvia was very delighted with her new beads, and wore them almost constantly.

She remained in Europe until August of 1914, when so many Americans left on account of the war.

Sylvia's home was in New York City. When she returned, she found life quite a bore. There was nothing for this young adventurous person to do. It seemed that many young Americans needed something to occupy themselves with at that time. And, at last, that word came—War! Then Sylvia was busy, canteen work, Red Cross, and motor corps service; everything came at once.

At one of the camps near her home, Sylvia renewed an old acquaintance with Jack Haccum, whom she had met in college. Every Sunday found Jack at the Zane home, all furloughs were spent with Sylvia. At last came the day of departure. Before Jack left, he made sure that Sylvia would be waiting for him when he came back.

Again came dull and tiresome days for Sylvia, in spite of all her duties. Then came the day of anxiety and suspense, when Jack was to lead his company "over the top." Next was the message, he had been wounded in action. Sylvia grew more serious and a little older

during these days.

On one of her days off duty, Sylvia went to a jeweler's shop to have her watch regulated. She was dressed very plainly, her only ornament being her black pearls. As she was explaining the condition of her watch to the salesman, he noticed her beads and said:

"Why, Miss Zane, what beautiful pearls! You certainly did not get them here, did you?"

Sylvia told him of the purchase, and added.

"I don't imagine they're of very great value, for they cost only forty dollars."

The man who was waiting on Sylvia was a foreigner, and had a foreign accent very hard to describe. As he looked at the beads, his eyes narrowed and a look of triumph came over his face.

"Would you wish to have them tested, Miss Zane. I'm sure they must be worth a great deal more," said the foreigner.

"Well, now that you've aroused my curiosity I believe I shall," said Sylvia smiling.

"Very well, you may leave them now, if you wish. Call for them any day within the next two weeks."

Sylvia took the beads from about her neck and put them into the man's hands. When she had left, he clasped them to his heart, for there was no one else in the store, and murmured, "Cassa is avenged."

The rumor that the war could not last much longer began to spread throughout the country. Everyone was waiting, waiting. Sylvia had word that Jack would be among the first sent back, because he was still quite ill.

One day when she was shopping, she stopped to get her beads. The same man waited upon her.

"Yes, Miss Zane," he said, "you have quite a rare necklace here, quite rare. We could not determine the exact value, but it must be in the thousands. Take good care of it."

And Sylvia took the necklace, and never dreamed that in the safe of the store, lay the pearls which she had purchased in France. When she was leaving, the man said:

"The prophecy has been fulfilled, Miss Zane."

And Sylvia replied: "Yes, isn't it wonderful?" She had reference to the end of the war, but the foreigner was thinking of the words of the old man, Narga, spoken so many centuries ago.

It may have been only a coincidence—but on the very day that Jack came home to Sylvia, an Assyrian arrived in a far off country, and with him the necklace of black pearls. They were returned to what was left of the temple of Cassa. At last, the order of Magon had fulfilled its mission through the work of the Assyrian jeweler.

And so the words of Narga had come true; "Whoever has these jewels shall lose them, for they shall be stolen. I care not who owns them. Wherever they go, there will be war until they are restored. But, if thy be given back without bloodshed, the last owner shall be happy."

Betty Needs Awakening

Bessie Close

The Cottages near the beach were all in a state of excitement. This was being placed and moved. Everything was having the last touches put upon it. Surely some great personage was expected. To the people working, a great person was coming. Betty Smith, their beloved schoolmate, who had been so sick was to arrive in the afternoon. Just before graduation, Betty had had a nervous breakdown and although she had recovered physically, she was not yet her old self. She wasn't interested in anything and always had a dreamy, listless look in her eyes. Her friend, by much planning, had persuaded Mrs. Smith and Betty to spend two weeks at the beach.

"Thank goodness that's done. I'm so tired I'm ready to die."

"All you have to do now is to see that Betty and Mrs. Smith have a lunch when they get here. Oh, by the way, Sue, is Jane ready to carry out her part of our plan? We'll all rest tonight but we'll be ready for a good time tomorrow."

"Oh yes, don't worry about Jane doing her share for Betty. I'll go in and see about that lunch now."

Sue ran off, entered the cottage, and started to work harder than ever. Suddenly she looked at the clock, only half an hour to dress in!

"Jane! Jane! come and help me dress." Jane came in all dressed and ready for Betty.

"Well, Sue, what are you so excited about, you only have to change your apron."

"Just as if Betty's coming wasn't enough to excite anyone."

At the end of the half hour, Jane and Sue joined the rest of the young people who were out watching for the auto that was to bring Betty. Soon some one yelled, its coming, and before the rest could add anything, the auto had stopped and Jack was assisting Betty and Mrs. Smith from the automobile. Jane and Sue looked at one another. Surely this was the old Betty. She looked so beautiful in her trim hat and thin dress. But no, she was pale and tired-looking. It seemed to require an effort for her to speak. Jane went to the rescue.

"Now don't all be bothering Betty with questions until she's rested. Come on up to our cottage, Betty, and rest for a while."

Betty, Mrs. Smith, and Jane went up to the cottage. Some of the boys started to get wood for a big fire that night. Sue and Jack started to walk slowly back to the cottage. Jack had a pained expression on his face.

"Sue, did you see how she looked? Just as if she wanted to go straight back home. Oh, I do hope this will help her. Sue, you'll do your best to help her, won't you?"

"Just as if I wouldn't do anything for Betty. Say Jack, don't think you're the only one that likes her."

The next morning all were up early, but none earlier than Jane. Their plan was to keep Betty amused all the while without tiring her. Today, was Jane's day to provide the fun. As she was strolling along the beach, she passed the huge boulder, as they called it, and suddenly came upon Betty.

"Why, up so early Betty? It's my turn to worry today."

"I just felt like coming out here, and I found this lovely spot and sat down."

"Betty, do you want to know what we're going to do today?" And from that time on, Jane talked incessantly to Betty for half an hour.

A week passed. Betty did all that the others wanted her to do. The days were full of fun for all. But many times Betty would slip away from the crowd and always would be found in her favorite spot. Jack was plainly worried. Betty had been his best school pal. He was planning and working, in fact, this whole outing had been planned by him for her benefit. Would Betty plan something? He was anxiously awaiting her response to his plan. Two more days passed, and Sue was busy with her "surprisal," as she termed it. All were eagerly waiting for it to be sprung, for Sue was next to Betty in thinking up good times.

Evening came. Sue's party was one that no one expected. So different! It was a regular childrens' party. They had held all their meals in the open, had swimming contests, short stories, and childrens' games, and then, to top it all, a big bonfire was built and stories told. After a while, the group gradually separated and Jack and Sue started down the beach. They reached the boulder, and sat down busily talking all the while. About three yards from the boulder sat Betty. As she sat there, looking out over the water, she seemed asleep. She did not know how long Jack and Sue had been talking before she noticed that they were there. She was attracted by hearing her name. Jack was talking.

"You know, Sue, you are almost taking Betty's place. Don't interrupt me, you know you are. If Betty was our old Betty, she would plan just such a day as this for us. Sue, Betty doesn't seem to care to get well. She makes no effort. Sue, I'd give anything if she'd only use her imagination! I don't believe she is even planning a good time like the rest of you girls did." With this, the two arose and started back to the cottage.

Betty sat still. Was it true? Was Sue taking her place with Jack? It seemed to her as if she had just heard something for the first time, for ages.

"Well, I'll just show all of them. I'll show them I can plan a good time. Use my imagination! You bet I will." Betty arose and slipped to her own room to think. It was slow, hard, work at first. It all seemed new and strange to her.

The next day, for the first time, Betty and Jack walked out down the beach. After that walk, Jack wore a puzzled look as if half expecting something. He said nothing to the others, however.

Their last real day at the beach came. The weather was like the people, in an undecided state of expectancy. What was going to happen? It looked like rain for a while, then it cleared up again and, worst of all, Betty kept to the house. All the rest of the young people were out on the beach.

When they all came back to the cottage, Betty and her mother were waiting for them with two huge baskets all packed.

"We're all going away back into the woods for a change, everything we've done so far, has been near the beach. Mother and I saw a good place to picnic about a mile from here, on our way out, we're going to hike there for a real picnic." Too surprised to say anything, they all prepared to start. Jack bustled around like mad. His face beaming with delight. Such a lunch! "And I planned it all myself." Betty exclaimed.

That night they had their usual bonfire on the beach. They were all tired out. And after toasting marshmallows for a while, they separated into groups and walked along the cool beach.

The next morning, in the crush of packing, Betty slipped out and went down to her favorite spot for the last time. She had not been there long when Jack joined her. They sat in silence for a while, then Jack said: "Betty, I've been trying to think what happened to make

you wake up."

Betty slowly said, "Oh, nothing in particular. I just started to use my imagination again." Jack looked at her in a strange manner but said nothing for a time.

"Betty, do you know Sue has Bob's class ring?"

"Has she?"

"Yes, Betty, won't you take mine?"

"Well, Jack, I suppose now that I'm using my imagination, and have been awakened, I imagine I will?" and she smiled.

"Betty, you've got the best imagination of all the girls. Somehow I like your plans best."

TOAST TO THE GRAD

Here's to the sweet girl grad,
In prohibition's H20
May she survive her tender years,
And live to gather in the dough;
And pile it up in dollar disks,
Or cut it out in natty rings,
To grace the table of the gink,
Who buys her hats and other things.

Roses and song birds be hers,
With never a cruel thorn
To cumber the path she must tread,
That the feet of the mothers have worn.
Presidents, princes, and men,
Be her gift to the world's strife
And a soft aureole of love for a crown,
To brighten a beautiful life.

Here's to the breezy male grad,
Whose downy cheek announces him,
An infant in the hands of fate,
With destiny obscure and grim.
May he forget his former view,
That life is but a mammoth cheese,
Within whose meaty masses men
Like mice disport them as they please.

May he bestir and wake,
And take the part that waits,
For action, action and the grip
That steers the course of states.
The future's to the young,
And bright indeed it dawns,
Be men in life's great game and not,
As puppet blocks or pawns.

Class HISTORY



Class History

One September morning in 1917, 214 scared little Freshmen presented themselves at the door of old Arthur Hill, vainly striving to appear like nonchalant old-timers. Once inside, we proceeded to lose ourselves and also to be led down to the traditional watering trough by our well-meaning fellow-students. We were sadly disillusioned too, by the actions of some of our older brothers and sisters, especially in their book-stacking episode; but they were so severely punished for this that we resolved to always be good little children, and observe the rules.

Finally, by the untiring efforts of Miss Nash and Miss Davis, we collected our scattered wits and boldly resolved to show those upper classmen what WE could do. Accordingly, to guide us in this noble undertaking, we elected for our class officers:

Reginald French ----------President
Paul Hackett ----------Vice-President
Russel Stickney ----------Secretary
Margaret Curtis ----------Treasurer

When the athletic season opened, we found, to our delight, that we could boast of two representatives, Roy Spiekerman and Lloyd Adsit.

The bolt, however, which startled the world, surely was a humdinger— we prepared to give two dances, one big, one little. These both proved to be great social successes and, if not financially so, they obtained for us the coveted reputation of being live wires. After this exhibition of our wonderful ability in this direction, we settled down to learn all the tricks of the trade from our wily fellow students in preparation for the coming year.

II

How different it was to be back the next year as Sophomores! Were not we now old timers? Could we not practically own the earth? You may be sure that these 116 Sophs did not overlook any of their new privileges. We soon chose as our leaders:

Allen Strimbeck ----------President
Elizabeth Alderton ----------Vice-President
Catherine Rice ----------Secretary
Roy Spiekerman ----------Treasurer

No social event entered our gay young lives this year, but we were distinguished by these classmen in athletics, Roy Spiekerman, Wolfred Ocksenkehl, Dale Morningstar, Martin Martzouka, Harry Appleby, and Russel Stickney. Many of the members of the Philomathic Society and Cadet Club were also Sophomores.

III

Oh, boy! Watch us go,
Take a look we're not so slow,
It sure does take some speed to pass,
Twenty-one, our Junior class.

With such a yell as this to live up to, we saw that we would have to be on our toes every minute. So, early in the year, we gave the honors of the class to these members:

Margaret Curtis ----------President
Laura Schwahn ----------Vice-President
Catherine Rice ----------Secretary
Ralph Schust ----------Treasurer

We decided to get our pins and rings immediately, that we might enjoy them the longer. Everybody agreed that this was a corking idea (maybe you think the Seniors weren't jealous when they saw our design!)

This year a great many of the members of the Classical Club, Philomathic Society, Girls' Club, Hi-Y., and the Mathematical Club were Juniors. So were five of the members of the debating teams—Elma Bradford, Robert Allardyce, Elmo Wilkinson, Margaret Curtis, and Bessie Close.

Five of us also were in the Oratorical Contest, and we were mighty proud when it was announced that one of our members, Russel Shepherd, won the contest. In athletics we certainly got the shoes with Maurice Brown, "Chick" Kehren, "Kid" Roeser, "Jack" Ocksenkehl, and Ida Osterbeck as our representatives.

Our Junior Hop, "the best high school party ever given," could not be called anything but a success, even financially. We had eats, wicker furniture, colored lights, music, 'n everything.

As to our Play, we chose "The Lion and the Mouse," and were able to get together a record-breaking crowd. The financial returns from this were so great that we were able to give the Seniors a real banquet at the Canoe Club. "Give unto others," you know. After the eating, there were speeches, dancing, and the presenting of the Horn—we got away with it too—though not without trouble for some members of the class.

We soon heard that the Seniors had cleared expenses, and that they were going to give a fine return down at Wenona Beach. With this happy event, our careers as merry Juniors ended, and we paused for a couple of months in our work and our play, to rest up for the final fray.

IV.

At last, after so many years of anticipation, 95 dignified Seniors presented themselves in the High School for inspection and initiation (mostly the latter). How burdened we felt with all the responsibilities of the world resting upon our shoulders! This feeling gradually wore away, and we were now able to participate, with much enthusiasm, in the exciting election of our officers. The returns were found to be:

Bessie Close_____President
Duane Chamberlain_____Vice-President
Robert Allardyce_____Secretary
Herbert Wettlaufer_____Treasurer

In athletics these shining lights made us famous: Maurice Brown, Roscoe Hefron, Jack Ochsenkehl, Chick Kehren, Bishop Davis, Morgan Gile, Orville Gile, Kid Roeser, Jim Hay, Elmo Wilkinson, Ida Osterbeck, Pauline Smith, Dorothea Reichle, and Ila Marble. As before, we made up a large part of the membership in the various organizations.

After Christmas, we gave a snappy party that everyone enjoyed. It consisted, not only of dancing, but also of stunts. The attendance was very select, but nevertheless, we didn't go in the hole.

Finally, after much discussion, our Senior Play, "The Man on the Box" was chosen and presented at the Auditorium, May 19. This was a huge success, due to our fine cast and the excellent coaching of Mr. Rickerman. Some of the leading characters were: Olive Hymans, Margaret Curtis, Jack Ochsenkehl, Roscoe Hefron, and Morgan Gile.

And now it is up to the Juniors to give us a banquet. We feel sure that they will do all in their power to bring this about, for they know how eagerly we are looking forward to emptying our treasury in their behalf—that is—for the Senior Return.

It has not yet been decided where the Baccalaureate Service will take place, but the Graduation exercises are to be held in the Auditorium, June 23. We are all looking forward to this occasion with an eagerness not untinged, however, with a feeling of regret at leaving the dear old school where we have passed so many happy days. After graduation we will all go on with our education, some in colleges and universities, and others directly in the school of life. But may we all go out into the world to live our own lives, armed with our Class Motto: "BE SQUARE"—

Doing all the good we can,
By all the means we can,
In all the ways we can,
At all the times we can,
To all the people we can,
As long as ever we can.

ANN POWELL.
ELLA MORGAN.



CLASS



PROPHECY

Truth

Truth—Prophecy—Truth

While traveling in Egypt, I was much impressed by a strange belief, current among several of the nomadic tribes there, that to whomever sleeps in the shadow of the Sphinx on the first night of a full moon, she imparts some portion of her secret. Upon first hearing of it, this seemed to me a silly superstition, but after viewing for myself that solemn image hewn from rugged stone, I myself felt the silent influence which writers say has for centuries awed the world. Then, I was converted; and I resolved that in exactly one week, the moon being at that time in the first quarter, I would spend the night in the shadow of the Sphinx.

I went the customary round of sight-seeing during that week; and having climbed the great pyramid in the afternoon of the day set for my weird experiment returned, to the hotel, partook of a light repast, and then ordered that a donkey be made ready to convey me to my odd sleeping place.

It was nearly dark when I reached the Sphinx, whose mysterious features were now well veiled in riddling shadows, adding life-likeness to the expression of immutable wisdom which I had before observed in them. No one, who has seen the Sphinx at this hour, can doubt that it holds a most profound secret. I did not doubt, at that moment, that the Sphinx knew everything in earthly history.

I cannot describe the sensations I felt as I curled myself up in my blanket at the foot of that weird creature—for the Sphinx seemed almost alive to me then—and strangely enough, I wondered where my classmates were. Then I watched the darkness creeping toward me over the gray, brown sands. I saw the stars come out, one by one, then the full moon rose, and soon, wearied from my afternoon's exertions, I fell asleep.

I do not know how long a time elapsed, I only know the moon was high in air, when I was awakened by the "thong, thong," of caravan bells, and saw a long train of camels passing by from the desert into the town.

I was about to lie down again when I was suddenly arrested in my action by perceiving near me, in the air, a pale, white light, which steadily brightened as I sat rigid and motionless watching it. Then, as it flared up into a burst of radiance, it appeared to me as a beam of sunlight streaming through an open window, and illuminating the fair features of a saintly blue-eyed girl, whose cheer and gentle touch comforts and soothes the suffering. A soft smile lights the face of this angel of mercy who is Elizabeth Alderton.

This vision pales, then the light brightens into the glow from a lamp, lighting a newspaper which is spread out upon the table. Great headlines announce the Presidential nominees, and among the names, is that of Robert Allardyce.

A group of hungry, dirty children crowd around a young lady whose kindly face and sweet smile seem to enchant them. She is telling them lovely stories and giving them things to eat. These London slum children have never loved anyone more than they love this kind American girl, Ruth Appleby.

A woman, in white cap and dress, walks through the Foreign Immigration Halls. She goes from one group of people to another, everywhere giving cheer, and to the little ones, candy and cakes. She is Ruth Avery, interpreter of languages at Ellis Island.

Flooded with sunlight is an old-fashioned garden, hedge inclosed, where roses and four-o'clocks blow, and sweet pinks and blue forget-me-nots are tucked away in corners. The prim maiden who has been kneeling beside a small rosebush, throws off her quaint pink sunbonnet and rises, as the manager of a noted seed house comes to inspect the superior plants cultivated by Hazel Baskin.

In a large, well-lighted schoolroom many typewriters are busily clicking. The noise stops and the students look up as their teacher, Hazel Beach, begins to speak.

At the show are all kinds of dogs, big shaggy fellows with drooping ears, sleek, close-haired ones, keen bulldogs with haughty air, all sit attentively watching a trim young woman who has just stopped playing with a bunch of frisking, fuzzy puppies. As she approaches him, the great, white Russian wolfhound leaps up and eagerly shakes hands with Nellie Blackstone, the girl whose friendship with these pets has led to her being made president of the Hyset Kennel Klub.

In a cozy kitchen, savory with steaming pudding and delectable viands, in preparation for the evening meal, stands Lauretta Bluem, in a blue gingham apron. The becoming flush on her cheeks deepens at the entrance of a tall young man, in shell-rimmed glasses; and she hastens her preparations as he tells her that he must soon return to the office for evening work.

The courtroom is growing uneasy at the length of the debate, and at the hopelessness of the poor man's case, when Elma Bradford begins her plea. In a very short time she establishes proof that this poverty-stricken man is in the right. The decision is made in favor of her client, and Elma is happy because she is satisfied that her efforts to bring justice into the courts have not been altogether in vain.

Up the steps and between the great fluted columns of the doorway walks a tall, gray-haired man who retains the erect and dignified bearing of his youth. He is Harry Burrows, president of the Federal Reserve system of Banks.

All heads are bent in attention upon the boxers in the ring below. The lights shine down fiercely, and with a sudden turn of his hand, Maurice Brown deals a clever blow which ends the match in his favor.

A richly dressed woman appears, wearing about her shoulders, furs of unsurpassed beauty. Luxurious, warm-looking, comfortable, she is confronted by the customs officer, Walter Bohnoff, who gruffly demands duty for the furs she is wearing. After much evasiveness and complaint, Sylvia Kaiser pays the exorbitant price demanded.

A busy factory, humming with smoothly-running machinery, is teeming with active workers, contented under the efficient management of Bessie Close.

The ruddy glow from an open fireplace illumines the tapestried walls and heavily carpeted floor of a spacious room, and plays upon the faces of the young men who sit about in deep-cushioned chairs smoking and merrily conversing, and then flickers upon the elks' head on the wall, lights the old pennant above which bears the inscription "Bachelors' Club," and shines upon the face of the host, disclosing him as Arthur Curran.

A white light illuminates a screen upon which is flashed the face of a beautiful woman whose deep, soulfull eyes surpass those of Theda Bara in their lustrous splendor. Immediately this girl is chosen as a star. Her name is asked. The answer is, "Ethel Curran."

In a large hall, a lecturer is to speak before an assembly of professors and teachers—the literary department of a noted college. In this audience is Harry Gnatowske who has gained wide recognition through his stories. He recognizes the white-haired woman who steps

upon the platform, as Margaret Curtis, one of his former classmates, now a titled doctor whose clear reasoning and literary tendencies have gained for her wide renown among the scholars and intellect of the country.

Broadway appears with its flashing lights and many theaters. Crowds of people wend their way toward the Metropolitan, attracted by posters which advertise Duane Chamberlain in his most successful play, "The Returning Tide."

A business man appears seated at his desk. A perplexed expression passes over his face as he tries to solve a difficulty. Then an idea comes to him; his visage clears, and picking up the telephone book he calls Lydia Christ, and asks her to take charge of his office work. Lydia accepts as she has much sympathy for her old school mate, Edward Cherry, who is suffering from a severe attack of Spring fever.

The rays of light from a dim oil lamp steal through the chinks of a little hut that sits deep in a dense forest. Within is Claude Clark, working out a powerful experiment which will prove to be of great value to the world of Physics.

Along a woodland path mottled with sunlight, walks a young woman dressed in khaki suit, low-heeled, strongly-built shoes, and brown corduroy tam o'shanter. Altogether she presents a very picturesque figure with her canvas and brushes on her arm. She is Helen Claflin, painter of woodland scenery.

An old, wizen-faced man rides along the dusty road in a creaking, worn-out vehicle drawn by a lanky horse. A case of medicine falls out of the back of the carriage. The occupant at once gets out to replace it, and as he stoops to pick up the case, the wind snatches his tall stove-pipe hat and rolls it rapidly down the pike. After a mad chase and a final rescue, he returns, flushhed and triumphant, climbs into the buggy, jerks the reins, and rumbles on his way. He is Carl Compton, who is devoting his life to the service of suffering horses in a country village.

The pretty little millinery shop on the corner is filled with enthusiastic customers, to whom the milliner, Dorothy Doerfner, aided by busy clerks, is showing hats that are chic and simple, all reflecting quality and good taste.

A flock of chickens, white ones, brown Plymouth Rock hens gather around a woman who is calling them and scattering feed from her apron. The owner of these chickens is none other than Frances Duff.

Leona Dollhopf appears on the scene of a great fire. She is there as soon as the firemen, and her keen eyes miss nothing. With a small kodak she snaps several of the most thrilling scenes; then, as the fire is checked and the flames are being extinguished, she walks around gathering details for tomorrow's issue—for Leona is a reporter on the daily paper.

A large cigar store, much frequented by men who desire the best, appears. Behind the desk, looking over his accounts, is Bishop Davis, proprietor.

The light struggles through the small, smoky window pane, upon a man who sits at his desk, thoughtfully composing a newspaper editorial. Frequently he runs his fingers through his rumpled hair, which hangs in two dark points over his eyes, that stare fixedly upon the paper before him. He is Leslie Eynon, editor of the Blinkesville Daily.

In a schoolroom are groups of girls industriously learning to sew. The quiet, patient teacher who has won their love and respect is Irene Gelinas, whose once brown hair is now streaked with gray, but her countenance still radiates kindness and good cheer as it did long ago.

On a busy corner of Madison Avenue, New York, are automobiles and crowded cars, and drivers impatient to be moving, while a woman traffic officer stands, quickly and efficiently directing the throngs by her signals. She is Carol Redmond, and the chauffeur, who, cool and reliable guides a great purring machine by her, is Frank McDermid. In the tonneau of the car he drives, reposes a young man whose easy bearing and smart-cut clothes distinguish him as one of New York's exclusive set. He is Orville Gile.

The stage is darkened and the spotlight plays upon a graceful figure that whisks out in filmy pink. Each delicate movement of this graceful flitting dancer, Leota Goodrow, fascinates and attracts.

The light falls upon the small figure of an office girl. Her face glows with pleasure and satisfaction as she looks fondly at the medal she holds in her hand. Irene Gross has just received the unique distinction of being named the speediest writer of shorthand diction in her state.

Across the little footbridge that spans a clear iris-bordered pond in Japan, where butterflies gayly hover and birds of brilliant plumage gleam, iridescent, in the sunlight, stands a bamboo cottage, the temporary residence of Gladys Harper, who is buying Japanese tea sets for an American company.

Buried in thought, with a sheet of white drawing paper before her, Grace Harper is carefully designing loose, comfortable costumes with which to introduce the dress reform she is planning to initiate.

In a sunny, white enameled beauty parlor with pots of salve, boxes of powder and bottles of hair tonic around her, sits Erma Grumell, one of the most popular hairdressers of Palm Beach.

A tall man appears, in corduroys and fur cap, wading through the snow. Two large dogs follow at his heels. He walks along until he reaches a small cabin around which great logs are stacked in orderly piles. The winds sigh through the great pine forest as, calling his dogs, the man enters and begins preparations for his solitary meal. He is James Hay, who has taken up a valuable claim in Northwestern Canada.

A man, who seems to be in great haste, is endeavoring to deliver an important message by long distance. The clear, distinct voice of the operator who answers him, is that of Mildred Heidger.

The tropic sun beats fiercely down upon an automobile traversing a smooth macadam road in Venezuela. Now the way leads over stretches of heated plain, now through a vast forest, and again over great bridges, firmly built to withstand the rushing torrents, swollen by the heavy rains. This way has been constructed by a band of men, who were stung by insects, attacked by serpents, tormented by the heat, and then, when nearing desperation were led on to success by the indomitable will, the stern resolution, and the great courage of their leader, Roscoe Hefron.

In a prosperous furniture store, a salesman is demonstrating a talking machine of the latest and most elegant period design. The customer hesitates, undecided as to whether he wishes to buy or not. Then the salesman mentions the fact that the machine was designed by John Herzog. The customer hesitates no longer, for it is well known that John Herzog designs for only the best machines, and that his patterns are sought by the most fastidious persons.

The sunlight beams upon the green lawn and the low sloping roof of a little, brown, rose-trellised cottage. The man entering the gateway is greeted by a rosy, pretty young woman, followed by a dozen beautiful cats. As she picks up a lovely Angora kitten, showing it to her husband and commenting upon its condition, her dimpled smile shows that she is Olive Hymans. The man is none other than Chick Kehren, and the

cats are pets of Hollywood actresses who have left them in Olive's care.

Next appears a row of stores on a quiet street in the old home town. A red and white striped pole outside Earl Marquis' shop names his profession as that of barber; and the next store, where overalls, straw hats, and harnesses are sold, belongs jointly to Edward Peters and Rudolph Krause.

The footlights flare up suddenly as a black-faced minstrel struts out upon the stage, accompanied by a startling blare from the saxophones. The darky is joined in his capers by his friend, "Ebenezer," who accents each witty remark by a great roll of his eyeballs. The audience is held in an uproar. But at length, when Ebenezer opens his mouth to sing a darky lullaby, his clear, flute-like tenor voice fills his listeners with thrills of delight and surprise. He is called back again and again, and when at last this act is over, and, in the dressing room, these minstrels remove the burnt-cork makeup, the faces disclosed are those of Winifred Lange and Richard Rankin.

A young lady who at first glance appears to be holding the hand of the young man who sits looking at her across a small table is, on second glance, discovered to be employed manicuring his finger nails. It is Dorothy Lewellyn, who smilingly engages him in conversation while she goes about her work.

The prettily arranged window of Caroline Meyers' exclusive shop appears. Dainty collars and cuffs, fancy handkerchiefs, and hand-knit sweaters allure the hearts of feminine passers by, and find favor with the most exacting.

The monotonous repetition of the scale of G being played over and over by a patient child, does not weary Edith Miller, the little girl's painstaking music teacher.

Well preserved and sprightly, though gray-haired and seventy, Ellen Morgan sits at her desk writing Latin plays which people of classic taste wail eagerly for her to produce from her magic pen, or rather, magic mind.

A roomy Y. M. C. A. swimming pool appears where boys, with arms uplifted and bodies poised to make a new fashioned dive, await the final directions from their instructor, Wolfred Ocksenkehl.

A bright-faced athletic woman is standing on the platform of a spacious assembly room, addressing a body of students. She is none other than Ida Osterbeck, who is telling her audience that she is proud to be coach of the team that has won the State championship so easily.

A stout woman with spectacles on her nose and a broad-brimmed sun hat on her head stands with her arms akimbo, neglecting to feed the pigs and water the cows, in her excitement as she tells her neighbor just why Susanna Jones wants a divorce, and what made the Campbells stay home from church last Sunday, and who Anna Perkins is going to marry. This talkative woman is Phyllis Ostrander.

Behind a large oaken desk in an office sits Lena Pankonin, attired in a modish skirt and blouse, with her hair neatly dressed in the newest fashion. But this bit of good taste cannot hide the fact that she is a very efficient young lady, as one needs must be to retain the position of private secretary of the President of the United States.

Looking as though they had stepped from the pages of a story book, stand a group of attractive dainty little tots, in graceful attitudes, about to learn some fancy step from their mistresses, Margaret Pitts and Ila Marble, teachers of this clever dance which is very popular among San Francisco's smart set.

High up on the snowy cap of the matterhorn is a little party of Alpine climbers, headed by a woman guide. Now they pause, as a steep slippery cliff confronts them; but their experienced guide, Gladys

Plambeck, with the light hatchet she carries, cuts little grooves for steps in the icy surface. At last, the hazardous ascent accomplished, they pause on the summit to gaze in profound admiration at the view that lies stretched before them. Then, rested, they descend, looking backward to catch one last glimpse of the peaks, rosy-tinted and glorious with the sunset.

In the spacious grounds adjoining a beautiful mansion is a lovely youthful woman in jaunty sport costume, holding in her hand a tennis racquet as she poses for her adoring artist husband. The classic profile he paints, the one that has so delighted the magazine publishers, is that of Ann Powell.

In a small, foreign, second hand store, Carrie Purchase is buying, to add to her collection of curios, an old jet necklace which the Queen of Sheba may have worn.

A girl, heavily bundled in the furs of her aviatrix uniform, steps quickly from the plane in which she has just landed. Friends and acquaintances rush up to her and congratulate her on her safe return, for a trip to the south pole by aeroplane is a feat that has been accomplished by no one save Dorothea Reickle.

In a sunny nursery, where plump little rabbits chase each other in endless succession around the wall paper borders, a diminutive mother contentedly rocks her doll to sleep, while her baby brother plays with his engine, or clambers about the cushioned window seat. Their governess, Lillian Reisner, glances from her novel just in time to avert a ruinous snip of the blunt scissors with which little Don is about to fringe the curtain.

Lying at anchor, in the deep blue waters just off the palm-fringed coast of Florida, is a handsome pleasure yacht, belonging to a weathy resident. The uniformed captain, who stands at attention as the owner approaches, is Joeseph Robertson.

An old woman is sitting on the doorstep of a tumbled-down shack with a pile of herbs, which she is sorting, in her lap. In the meantime, she mumbles to herself some unintelligible words. Over the door is posted the sign, "Evelyn Richter, Quack Doctor."

Junior Rockwood enters a large office and goes immediately to the Postal Clerk's desk. He seats himself and begins looking over his letters. Upon reading one his face breaks into a smile, and he gives a long whistle of surprise and pleasure, for in the letter he is informed that his work has been so satisfactory that he will receive an increase in salary.

While on her European travels, Grechen Roethke lingers long under the sunny skies of Italy. There she may be seen ardently admiring all the historical spots, and gazing thoughtfully at a bust of Columbus (on a pedestal). The face seems familiar to her. Perhaps it is that of some one she has met on her travels; so she does not ask the question, "Is he dead?"

A young man walks about a huge theater, pointing out to the decorators the points which should be changed. He is Walter Roeser, supervising the remodeling of the Royal Palms Theater, in Chicago.

A school-room appears, filled with mischievous youngsters. One glances up slyly from his book to tell some childish secret to his neighbor. The voice that is raised in admonition is that of Dorothy Schendal, teacher in this rural school.

The morning sunlight filters through the many colored panes of the church window and falls upon the sincere upturned face of the pastor, Russel Shepherd, whose reverend, impassioned words move the hearts of his listeners.

A steady stream of customers passes in and out of a repair shop

where men in leather aprons are busily plying their tasks. The brilliantly painted sign outside reads, "Take Your Shoes to Swarthout When They're Wornout."

A customer enters a corner drug store in the down town district. A white coated boy appears almost instantly. He takes the slip of paper on which the prescription is written, to the druggist, Warren Thomson, that it may be compounded by him.

In Edward Ure's fashionable clothing store a lady is fitting on sable coats of elegance and beauty. The owner walks in just then, and recognized this customer as Ruth Schoeneberg, an old classmate.

In a little furnished, chintz-curtained cottage by the sea, California excursionists may prepare their own meals. This unusual plan has pleased lovers of novelty, and brought Ella Turnbull a neat little fortune.

Great varieties of commercial apparatus are laid out, preparatory to putting into operation the great and new invention of Milton Wager, electrical engineer, who has accomplished his end after long years of work with complicated electrical machinery.

A niftily dressed young man enters the office of a prominent business man. He makes himself at home, and immediately begins talking about the merits of his company's insurance policy in contradistinction to that of anyone else's company. He is Herbert Wettlaufer.

A severe-looking woman, dressed in stiff, black silk, stands watching the dancers at a public party. Her brows are drawn in a frown, and her eyes are narrowed, as she sees a couple moving off in a manner of which she does not approve. She is Alma Weichmann, supervisor of dancing.

Again broadway appears ,and the flashing colored light bulbs over the popular shop owned by Elmo Wilkinson spell the words, "Learn the Latest Slang in Five Minutes."

In a large kitchen stands Lloyd Wiltse in white baker's cap and apron, his sleeves rolled above his elbows—for he kneads the dough.

Behind the window of a cashier's office is Erma Wiltse busily employed in the service of a great dry goods store.

Manikin after manikin appears, dressed in smart clothes of the latest fashion. Gracefully they glide across the polished floor of the spacious, well lighted, Parisian shop, scented with flowers and green with palms. One after another they stop and turn slowly, to display gleaming satins, lustrous silks, or handsome furs, then pass on down the hall. As the last of the line disappears a smile of satisfaction crosses the face of Arthur Witham, as he thinks of the success of this afternoon's display.

Rolls of paper, pails of paste, and huge brushes, litter the canvas protected floor of a magnificent room in an aristocratic home. The tall paper hanger, reaching easily even to the ceiling with his long handled brush, and doing all his work without the aid of a step ladder, is Clarence Wilkinson, noted for his efficiency.

The dim light from a street lamp scarcely reveals the figure of a man who lurks in the shadows on the corner. As he steals unnoticed down the dark street, following the two men he has been furtively watching, no one would ever suspect that he is that keen detective, Enoch Yates.

A woman, slender of build, and light haired, walks from one cabinet to another, admiring the designs which her husband has planned for them. She is Ottelia Zorn, the happy wife of a former schoolmate.

The seniors of a high school class are working to produce their yearly magazine. They are greatly aided in their labor by a little

book, to which they refer constantly. As they turn the pages, long lists of the possible professions of all ages, past, present, and future, an aid to the inspired writers of prophecy, are revealed; and in another part of this book are myriads of quotations to facilitate the tasks of the name committee. On the cover are the names of the compilers, Ella Haines and Catherine Rice.

Then the scene becomes dim, and I find myself staring out into the desert. After the magic panorama, the wondrous vision had faded into the gray dawn, as the waning moon heralded the approach of the sun. Sleep was now useless, moreover, I could not have slept had I desired to, so awed was I by the actual revelation of this Arabic fantasy. I rose and hurried back to the hotel. My last look at the Sphinx found her still the same—wise, awful and immovably silent, as she sat facing the rising sun.

ELLA HAINES,
CATHERINE RICE.

A LUCUBRATION

No prodigies of learning we,
Nor savants brimming o'er with knowledge,
But simply sitters at the feet
Of those, who speed us on to college.

We studied, and we burned the oil,
Of midnight, winking lucubration;
We listened patient, and we toiled
To get a decent education.

How well we fared, let teachers tell,
Those tireless, tearful inculcators;
They set the pace that we essayed,
Happy to be their imitators.

Now that the end's in sight, and we,
Mid hectic hope and expectation,
A backward glance cast to the bench,
Where oft we sat in trepidation.

Strange feelings, mixed and fitful stir
Our hearts to deepest consternation
When turning o'er the "might have been"
Of study, stern, and concentration.

Well, well, 'tis done! the die is cast,
The future waits our exploration,
The teacher's leaven yet may work,
A wide and needed reformation.

Good-bye dear hearts—not au revoir—
The trail turns to the last semester;
Life's face we see at last is stern;
Farewell the fool and ancient jester.

Athletics



Football

Arthur Hill—45 **Owosso—0**

Wow, did you see Owosso get white washed? Well I guess! 45—0 some score eh? "Irish", you sure deserve the credit for evening up old scores and, boys, we present to you with all respect due to worthy athletes, a diamond studded stomach pump. For a football game, it was a fine walking contest.

Arthur Hill—0 **Detroit Eastern—0**

Safe all around and still going strong towards State championship goal. Some very bad breaks were all that kept our bunch from scoring. Hart missed a pass upon Detroit's 5 yard line which, if he had been able to make connections, would have been good for six points. Detroit may count herself lucky for emerging from the conflict unscarred.

Arthur Hill—7 **Grand Rapids—7**

Hurray, our slate's still clean! Jove, but it was a tight squeeze. No picnic this, but football, man, football. Our gang hung up their tally in the second quarter. Grand Rapids did not even the score until the last quarter. All credit due you, boys, we're still striving to gain the title of State Champs.

Lansing—7 **Arthur Hill—9**

Lansing's delegation traveled to Saginaw firmly believeing that they would return chanting "Veni, vidi, vici," but to their distress, were defeated by Ramsey's men 9—7. Playing wonderful football, and taking advantage of all breaks, our fellows surprised everyone by defeating Lansing. This was the first time in a period of three years that Lansing had undergone this experience. Every man played his best, outplaying the champs all the way. Joe Friskie cannot receive too much credit, for it was his dropkick from the 35 yard line, in the last minute of play, that turned a 7—6 defeat into a 9—7 victory. The game was a great punting duel in which Joe was the master of Nellor and Capt. Richards of Lansing. Our team kicked off and Lansing, failing to make their gains by end runs, punted the ball to safety. Upon our fourth down, with less than a yard to go, Cox failed to gain at center, and Lansing took the ball on our 45 yard line. Four smashes by Neller, Richards and Rob made downs and put the ball on our 21 yard line. Then followed a pass, Richards to Kipke, Kipke going over for the first score of the game. Neller kicked goal. At the beginning of the second quarter, one of Joe's punts put the ball on Lansing's 5 yard line. Neller's punt from behind his goal line was blocked by Scheib. Speakerman recovered on the 8 yard line, and Grube carried the ball over for a touchdown. Friske's kick for goal was blocked. Early in the second half, Scheib fell on a Lansing muff. Ochsenkehl and Friskie made it first down on Lansing's 24 yard line. Two line plunges and a pass placed the ball on Lansing's 12 yard line. Friske attempted a dropkick which was blocked. In the last quarter, Fitzpatrick fumbled a punt and Hart, diving 10 feet through the air, recovered on Lansing's 25 yard line. Friske tried his second drop-kick which went low. Richards kicked out, and Ochsenkehl, knowing that his time was short, started to forward pass. Two were grounded, and then Lansing made her fatal mistake. She failed to play safe and laid down a barrage of forward passes. "Bunny" snared one of these passes and carried it for a 22



FOOTBALL TEAM

yard gain. This placed the ball on Lansing's 28 yard line and with one minute to play, Joe Friske dropped back to the 35 yard line preparatory to making his sensational dropkick, and with cool deliberation booted the ball squarely between Lansing's goal-posts. This gave our boys the lead 9-7, and Lansing was unable to overtake them throughout the remainder of the game.

Arthur Hill—7 **Bay City Eastern—7**

Bay City managed to come through with a tie score. It looked very much as if our champs had been affected by their preceding victory and were lucky to awake in time to save themselves from being defeated by a weaker and less formidable team than others that we had succeeded in trouncing. Well, well, the final blow had yet to come.

Arthur Hill—43 **Port Huron—0**
Arthur Hill—28 **Bay City—7**

We had very little trouble in defeating either of these teams, being bothered only by one individual on each team, MacDonal of Bay City, and Philips of Port Huron.

Detroit Central—7 **Arthur Hill—0**

Alas, that we should lose one so dear. He was a likely chap, was our friend State Champ. And to think of how we had nourished and fostered him until manhood only to have him depart when he was most needful. Come, let Mr. Hoge strike up the funeral march and all ye faithful, break out in your funeral duds and prepare to join the procession, for upon this day we lay at rest, in the vast graveyard of Detroit, our hope, our light, our very soul, and our beloved companion, State Champ. Why so doleful? He is not dead. He will be resurrected some time in September of the year 1921.

Arthur Hill—0 **Saginaw—0**

The annual Thanksgiving Day game ended in another tie. This is the fourth tie in five years. The game was well played throughout with the exception that both teams played too close football, and were afraid to "open up." Saginaw outplayed our fellows for a part of the first quarter, but from then on, the game was entirely in our favor. Our fellows showed better condition and better team work than Saginaw High. The game was slowed up considerably by the condition of the field which was very muddy and slippery. The game in plays was as follows:

First Quarter

Roseberry kicked off to Friske who returned the ball 15 yards to the 30 yard line. Friske made 3 and 2 and punted outside on Saginaw's 42 yard line. Brackenbury and Spence made 5 and Roseberry punted outside on Arthur Hill's 23 yard line. Cox twice and Friske made 8 and Friske punted to Saginaw's 42 yard line. Brown, Brackenbury and Gillingham made first down on Arthur Hill's 48. Brackenbury twice and Brown made 6 and Roseberry punted to Arthur Hill's 9 yard line. Friske punted to his own 30. Brackenbury and Richards made one and Brackenbury went around end for 12. Gillingham, Spence and Brackenbury made 5 and Roseberry's dropkick went wide. Cox in two tries made three and Friske punted to midfield. Richards, Brackenbury and Gillingham made 6, and after a bad pass by Sommers, Roseberry was downed on his 45 yard line. Cox made one and Friske 10 on a fake pass. Grube went outside and

Spence intercepted Friske's pass on his own 8 yard line. Brackenbury made two and Roseberry punted to Saginaw's 40, Kehren returning 13 yards. Grube went outside as the quarter ended.

Second Quarter

Cox and Grube made one and Houska intercepted Friske's pass and returned it to Saginaw's 32. Brackenbury, Gillingham and Brackenbury made 8 and Roseberry punted to Kehren who returned 14 yards to his own 44 yard line. Cox, Friske and Cox made 5 and Friske punted to Brackenbury. He signaled for a fair catch and was tackled, Arthur Hill taking 15 yard penalty. Brackenbury, Gillingham and Brackenbury made 9. With one yard to go on the fourth down, Brackenbury smashed through for 5. Spence, Gillingham and Brackenbury made 8 and Gillingham failed to make first down by less than a yard. Friske lost one and punted to his own 45, Richards returning 5. Brackenbury and Gillingham made 7 and in two more tries failed to gain the other 3. Cox went through for 10. Cox, Friske and Grube made 8 and Friske punted only 9 yards to Saginaw's 41. Cox recovered a Saginaw fumble. Ochsenkehl went around end for 11. Friske and Cox twice made 3 and Friske's pass was incomplete. Brackenbury and Gillingham twice lost 4, Arthur Hill recovering a fumble as the half ended.

Third Quarter

Friske kicked off to Newman who returned 12 and fumbled. Spiekerman recovering on Saginaw's 37 yard line. Cox, Friske, Kehren and Grube made first down. Cox lost two and Kehren made 11. Grube failed to make one. On fourth down with less than a yard to go Grube failed to make first down by inches. Saginaw took the ball on her 15 yard line and Brackenbury tore around end for 20 yards. Brackenbury and Gillingham twice made first down. After Spence had failed, Brackenbury, Gillingham and Brackenbury made first down. Brackenbury, Partlow and Gillingham made 5 and a pass, Gillingham to Brackenbury made only 3. Ochsenkehl, Kehren and Cox twice made first down. Ochsenkehl and Cox twice made another first down. Grube, Kehren and Ochsenkehl made 7 and Friske punted to Saginaw's 23. Brackenbury and Partlow made 3 and Gillingham punted to the center of the field. Cox made two as the quarter ended.

Fourth Quarter

Cox and Grube made 5 and Friske punted to Saginaw's 23 yard line. Gillingham and Brackenbury made two and Brown punted to Kehren who returned 9 yards to Saginaw's 46. Grube, Ochsenkehl and Cox made a first down. Kehren lost 12, Cox made two and Hart barely missed Friske's long pass. Friske punted to Saginaw's one foot line. Brown punted to his own 35 yard line. Cox, Kehren and Grube twice made a first down. Kehren failed and Cox lost a yard and Friske standing on the 35 yard line tried a drop-kick which went wide by a scant two feet. Brackenbury and Spence made two and Brown punted to Arthur Hill's 43. Friske's pass was grounded and Cox lost three. Friske punted to Saginaw's 47. Brackenbury made two when the whistle blew ending the game. Final score: Arthur Hill 0, Saginaw 0.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Basketball

Arthur Hill—28 **Owosso—18**

Arthur Hill began its valley schedule by trimming Owosso 28-18. Up until this time our team had played excellent basketball, and a victory was looked for, although Owosso had boasted of an equally good team. Owosso failed to make good her boast, showing very little basketball form throughout the evening. Our team played together like a well regulated machine, and, at this stage, showed signs of bidding for valley honors. Grube led our attack with five baskets while Scheib and Friske spoiled a large percentage of Owosso's trys at the basket.

Mt. Pleasant—13 **Arthur Hill—14**

Arthur Hill won a closely contested game from Mt. Pleasant by a score of 14-13. The work of our team showed to better advantage than that of the visitors when it came to general playing ability, but they had to fight from start to finish to maintain the lead. Paul Hackett was missed very much in this game.

Saginaw—17 **Arthur Hill—18**

Arthur Hill, by winning a one point victory from Saginaw High, took the lead in the valley race. The game was fiercely contested throughout, and was exceedingly exciting during the last few minutes of play. Saginaw looped the first basket of the game but Arthur Hill, aided by the pretty dribbling and fine basket shooting of Hackett and Friske, soon had the score 12-2 in our favor. Saginaw came back strong and brought their total to seven, where it remained until the close of the first half. At the beginning of the second half, Saginaw succeeded in securing a two-point lead, but baskets by Grube and Davis soon placed our team in the lead 16-14. Saginaw hooked a free throw while Grube, in way of retaliating, scored from the floor. This was followed by a field basket for Saginaw. During the last few minutes of play, both teams were held scoreless, and the game ended with our team leading 18-17.

Bay City Eastern—21 **Arthur Hill—23**

In one of the most thrilling games ever played in Bay City, Arthur Hill won a victory from B. C. E. in the last few minutes of play when Joe Friske caged a basket from the center of the floor. Our gang got away to a fine start, and were leading 10-5 at the end of the first half. In the second half, Dystant, of Bay City, shot four baskets in rapid succession which placed Eastern in the lead 13-10. From here, the lead see-sawed back and forth between the two teams until almost the close of the game, when the score was tied 21-21. At this time Friske made his sensational basket which gave our team a 23-21 point victory. Friske and Davis showed up to be real stars in this game while Dystant, of Bay City, never will be forgotten by our guards.

Bad Axe—14 **Arthur Hill—11**

Arthur Hill received the first defeat of the season at the hands of Bad Axe. The game was one of the most bitterly fought of the season and the playing of both teams pleased the spectators very much, for it surely was real basketball. Arthur Hill was leading 5-4 at the end of the first half but towards the close of the game, Bad Axe overtook our boys and won 14-11.

Bay City Western—21 **Arthur Hill—26**

By winning this game by a 21-26 score, Bay City Western's hopes for valley championship were shattered. Arthur Hill showed the best form of the season, and after gaining the lead in the first 15 minutes of play managed to keep it throughout the remainder of the game. Hackett's dribbling and long basket shooting was the feature of the game while Scheib and Gile again showed wonderful work as guards. This game just about put the valley championship on ice for Arthur Hill, for all but one of their remaining valley games was on their own floor which, we might say, gave them a little advantage over opposing teams.

Owosso—13 **Arthur Hill—32**

Arthur Hill again defeated Owosso in a very one-sided game. Owosso at no time threatened to win the game, and our team scored at will. Hackett and Scheib were bright stars in this game. Scheib's guarding could not have been better while Hackett's passing, dribbling, and shooting was the sensation of the evening.

Bad Axe—13 **Arthur Hill—20**

Arthur Hill avenged the defeat administered by Bad Axe in the early part of the season by defeating them at Pioneer Hall 20-13. Bad Axe led the scoring during the first part of the game, but was soon left behind and the half ended with the score 10-7 in our favor. At the beginning of the second half Bad Axe again received a jumping start and were soon leading 10-13. At this point, Gile and Scheib braced and no more baskets were made by the Bad Axe five. During this time, Currott, Hackett, and Davis, constituting our scoring machine, made enough baskets to win the game 20-13.

Mt. Pleasant Indian Teck.—15 **Arthur Hill—18**

The Mt. Pleasant Indians came here with the expectation of defeating our gang, but their bubble burst and left them to carry home the spoils of the conquered. It seemed that by this time our team had established a habit for winning and the game ended in the same manner as the preceding games, our team leading at the close of the game.

Bay City Eastern—9 **Arthur Hill—18**

Arthur Hill again succeeded in dragging the colors of Bay City Eastern in the dirt by defeating them in a hard fought, but clean cut and fast game. Hackett and Davis came through with the majority of the baskets while the old reliables, Scheib and Gile were on the job as usual, playing a sure and steady defensive game which kept Eastern from securing the lead. This was Arthur Hill's fifth consecutive valley victory.

Manistee—30 **Arthur Hill—12**

The team weakened by the absence of Hackett and Gile, was badly defeated by Manistee, the final score being 30-12. Manistee showed some very classy basketball and we will have to admit that they played rings around our bunch who at no time, during the game, threatened to win. Manistee secured the lead in the first half by a score of 18-7, and succeeded in piling up the remainder during the last half. The efforts of our team to stop this onrush were futile.

Port Huron—19 **Arthur Hill—18**

Our team was on the tail end of the score at the end of the game with Port Huron. The game was closely and hotly contested throughout. Port Huron had a wonderful offensive which our boys found trouble in stopping until the second half of the game. Although we

were defeated, the score was so close, that it showed that both teams were very evenly matched. Neither team can say that their playing excelled that of the other.

Saginaw—15 **Arthur Hill—19**

Saginaw received its second defeat from Arthur Hill at Pioneer Hall. This victory, over Saginaw, gave Arthur Hill the valley championship in basketball. Saginaw obtained the lead in the first half which ended 10-6. At the beginning of the second half our team started out with a determined effort and overtook Saginaw's lead in a very few minutes and never again did they lose it. Our team completely outplayed Saginaw in every department of the game. Saginaw seemed lost before our advances, and were stopped dead in their tracks by the excellent guarding of our men. Saginaw fought gamely throughout the game but were outclassed by the passing and guarding of our valley champions.

Bay City Western—2 **Arthur Hill—0**

Fight, fight, nigger and a white,
Dynamite, out of sight.

On account of poor officiating, the last valley game of the season ended in a fight amongst both players and spectators. The crowd marched right out onto the floor and Mr. Allen thought it best to take the team off the floor and forfeit to Bay City.

Mt. Pleasant Tournament.

Arthur Hill—9 **Alma—13**

No golden banner and cup of silver was brought back by our team from the Mt. Pleasant Tournament, but the tale of a jolly good time and a hard earned rest. Our gang travelled to Mt. Pleasant to take part in the district tournament. They were defeated by Alma High School in the first tournament game, this eliminating them from further participation.

Line-Up

Grube ----------Forward
Davis ----------Forward
Scheib ----------Center
Gile ----------Guard
Hackett ----------Guard
Friske ----------Sub
Currott ----------Sub
Roeser ----------Sub

Girls Basketball Team

Is the team of 1921 on the map? Well, I guess! Just look at the above picture and notice the sturdiness of these lassies. Don't they look rather "peppy"?

We had several trimmings, and one team walked away with us entirely. Although we were not always victorious, our trips were often made a real pleasure to us. At Owosso, each girl was taken to a private home and royally entertained. At Vassar, we found three games scheduled, with ours as the "big" one. After lots of eats, the surprise came: We had to play first. Well, we did our best, but lost 40-21.

Talk about being stage struck! That's what happened to us the night we played Saginaw and as a result Saginaw won out. In the return game we had recovered from this difficulty. We kept right up with them until the end of the third quarter. In the last quarter they got



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

ahead and stayed there until the whistle blew. During the rest of the season we won every game, although we had to fight desperately for some of them. When we did trim our opponents, we surely made a good job of it, not only because we fought every minute, but also because of the loyalty of the girls. They came to every practice, stuck and worked together like regular fighters. They certainly deserve credit for the season's work.

GAMES

Vassar	40	Arthur Hill	21
Owosso	18	Arthur Hill	17
Y. W. C. A.	21	Arthur Hill	23
Saginaw	27	Arthur Hill	17
Y. W. C. A.	29	Arthur Hill	43
Vassar	18	Arthur Hill	22
Owosso	20	Arthur Hill	30
Chesaning	17	Arthur Hill	45
Bay City Western	10	Arthur Hill	49
Saginaw	40	Arthur Hill	29
Bay City Eastern	30	Arthur Hill	39
Bay City Eastern	30	Arthur Hill	51
Bay City Eastern	26	Arthur Hill	75
Chesaning	24	Arthur Hill	32

Line-up

Ida Osterbeck	Forward
Helen Carr	Forward
Anna Klemach	Center
Grace Carmichael	Side Center
Dorothea Reichle	Guard
Pauline Smith	Guard
Jane Williams	Sub
Mary Howard	Sub

IDA OSTERBECK.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL CARNIVAL

"You didn't go to the Girls' Basketball Carnival! Why, dearie, you missed half of your life; but I'll try to tell you about it."

"Well, to start with, "Old Pioneer" looked like a regular fair with the cleverest booths on two sides of it. And the cake, candy, and ice cream sandwiches—oh bother—how we all ate!"

"Just eat! Well I should say not. You haven't heard the half of it yet. The center of the hall was roped off for dancing, and with the peppy music furnished by Dona Donelly, Rally Burrows, and Harold Olson, you just couldn't help wanting to dance."

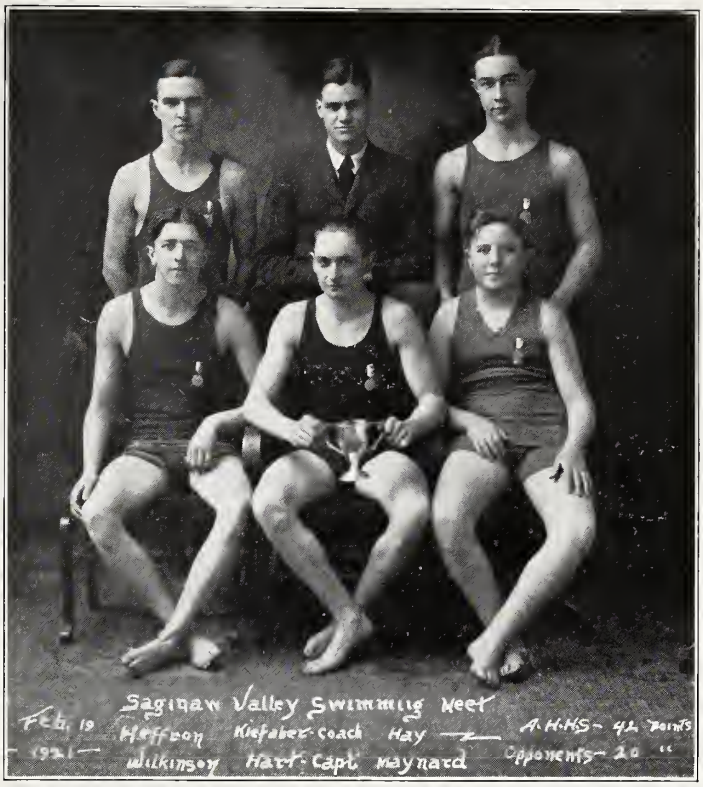
"Wait a minute, that isn't all either, they had the slickest mounted police you ever saw. What for? Why they "got" the cheek-to-cheek dancers, and the other law violators, and dragged them up on the stage where they were fined by a terribly harsh judge."

"And, my dear, you should have had your future read by the fortune teller. It was great. Regular stuff!"

"They also had games of chance. There was a fish pond, and chances were sold on boxes of candy."

"Well, I guess I've told you nearly everything and I know you're sorry that you weren't there, because, all in all, it was a great success. The profits that amounted to $125 are going to be used to buy sweaters for the girls on the team."

Ruth Appleby.



Swimming Meet

The first All Valley Swimming Meet was staged at the Y. M. C. A. Tank. Both Bay City and Saginaw High Schools entered teams. Arthur Hill got the credit of winning the first CUP by piling up a score of more than twice that of the others put together. Hay, Heffron, Hart (Capt.), Wilkinson, and Maynard did the "dirty" work. All but Maynard took a first place and received a medal. Our friend Allen told us he would "Rig" up some kind of a letter for us if we won the meet, so we all worked hard and won a letter. Making such a good start, we hope that swimming will become an active sport, and that Arthur Hill will take the Cup next year without the aid of Hay, Wilkinson, and Heffron.

A. E. W.



BASEBALL TEAM

SOCIETY



Society

"Fresh Frolic"

The first party of the year was given by the Freshmen at Pioneer Hall, December 4. The large crowd included many upper classmen as well as Freshmen and everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. Maybe it was because refreshments were served. Of course, the regular dancing hours 8:30 to 11 o'clock were observed because the Freshmen had to get to bed early. Good luck, next year, Freshmen, maybe they will give you an extra hour of dancing.

"Football Hop"

The annual Football Hop given by the team at the Canoe Club, was a howling success as it always is. The decorations were especially attractive. The orchestra was composed of some of the finest talent that could be secured, and all in all, every one succeeded in having a profitable evening of amusement. That the party was a success was made noticeable when, shortly after the Hop, the "boys" went promenading about the halls with large golden letters mounted upon a surface of shining blue.

Junior Hop

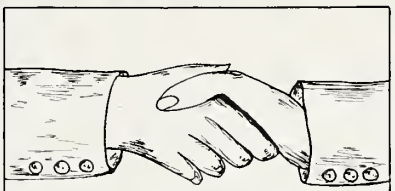
The Juniors were afraid they were going to be cheated out of their party at first but that would have been impossible because the Junior Hop was this year, as in former years, the crowning event of the social season. Wicker furniture helped to make Pioneer Hall look more comfortable and inviting, and the refreshments made a hit with everyone. The chaperons for the party were Mr. and Mrs. Dirsch and Mr. and Mrs. Allen.

Senior Party

The Senior Party, from all reports, was quite the function. Every body was there and had a good time. It was the last opportunity the Seniors would have to get together before graduating, so everybody went. Possibly one reason for its success was the fact that it was necessary for outsiders to present an invitation at the door before being admitted. This made the party much more exclusive and everybody wanted to go. A delightful program was planned for the people who didn't dance. The class colors, blue and white, were used effectively for decorations. The effect was heightened by the use of a large '21 pin illuminated with blue and white bulbs which hung at the front of the dance hall. Refreshments were served and an hour more dancing was allowed because of the fact that the music arrived late. It is hinted that the music was told to come late so that we could dance longer. We made over fifty dollars on this party so it was a success financially as well as socially.

RUTH SCHONEBERG.

ORGANIZATIONS



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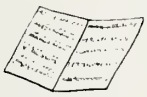
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The Criterion

This year the Criterion has been managed under an entirely different plan from that of previous years. Last year, it was run very successfully as a paper owned by a few individuals, but it did not fully represent the school.

Then the students woke up, and decided that they wanted a genuine school magazine. A board of control was elected, and this board chose the members of the staff. It was also decided that the Criterion should be published every two months.

The Literary Department showed much improvement and contained a wider variety of material than has ever been published.

One of the new departments, which was added, was the Exchange. This department has helped to make the Criterion better known in other schools, while this school has become acquainted with the papers of several other schools.

The jokes also were cleverly written; in fact, the Criterion contained more than any of its exchanges.

The students seemed very well satisfied with each issue, and they took a more active interest in the paper than ever before.

Knitted Neckwear Brenner & Brenner



Freshman Class Notes

We, the Class of '24, started out with 221 members. Early in October, we had our first meeting and elected the following officers:

President_____Lloyd Adsitt
Vice-President_____Ralph Boughner
Secretary_____Violet Roethke
Treasurer_____Kenneth Schurr

The first thing we did, as a class, was to plan to give our party before the holidays. The various committees put forth all their efforts to make it a huge success, and we certainly were not disappointed with the results.

Shortly after this party, our president, Lloyd Adsitt, left school. This proved to be a great loss to the class.

In athletics we have been well represented by Lloyd Adsitt, Ralph Boughner, Russel Frost, and Anna Klemach.

We were not only represented in athletics but also in other activities.

Harry Johnson, a Freshman, was the orator who was chosen to represent Arthur Hill High School at the declamation contest held in Lansing.

We think we have made a good beginning, but we hope to improve as we advance.

VIOLET ROETHKE, Secretary.

Astrid Ahman
June Albright
Edna Alderton
Russel Alger
Howard Anderson
Marie Andre
Thomas Appelby
Culbert Arnold
Frank Arnold
Marion Baade
George Baker
Ruth Barnard
Dorothy Baner
Ruth Beck
Mae Benjamin
Peter Bittim
Doreen Black
Helen Blaisdell
Oscar Blevins
Frederic Bliss
Caroline Blohm
Esther Boissoneault
Ralph Boughner
Mary Brady
Philip Breton
Dora Brenner
Eleanor Brewer
Lucinda Breiter
Edwina Brogan
Lawrence Broson
Clarence Brownrigg
Herman Bruessow
Reta Brubaker
Diah Buck
Marion Burr
Bradley Cox
Mildred Cooke
Marshall Chamberlin
Eltor Cline
Gomer Crampton
Keith Crane
Luella Crawford
John Cronk
Victor Crozier
Beula Cruson
Jerry Cushman
Geraldine Davis
Catherine Davison
Francis Dietz
Alice Dice
Alberta Doran
Anna Drensky
Mable Duffett
Dorothy Elliot
Leona Enszer
Oswald Enzer
Rosetta Faithbreckner
Bruce Fayerweather
Doreta Ferguson
Catherine Fermen
Margaret Finnette
Marion Fisher
Ellen Flynn
Mary Fox
Molly Frank
Russel Frost
Herbert Froze
Ferdinand Gainsbauer
Harold Gager
Lucille George
Elizabeth George
George Gus
Lillian Gilbert
Virginia Glaize
Morris Goldstein

Ray Goodrow
Cecil Goslin
Irene Granger
Caroline Grams
Arthur Grigg
James Grout
Virginia Griffith
Harriet Tripp
Agnes Gulliford
Melvin Gunther
Beatrice Hagen
Helmer Hall
Beulah Handy
Mabel Hahn
Jerome Hard
Thresia Hawley
Esther Hegler
Sylvia Heidger
Albert Heine
Arthur Hensler
Letha Hill
Helen Hollies
Florence Howell
Jessie Ingram
John Izzo
Aleck Jack
Wendell Jackson
Harvey Jacques
Adjie Jameson
Ruth Jeffrey
Ebba Johnson
Harry Johnson
Muriel Johnson
Thelma Joyce
George Kaiser
Helen Kaltenback
Esther Kapitar
Charles Keho
William Keller
Sarah Kellett
Emmeline Kennedy
Jane Kerkhof
Ruth Kerns
Vera Kersten
Jane Khuen
William Kiekbush
Anna Klemach
Clemence Klenoski
Augusta Kolberg
Theodore Koski
Lena Krenckof
Helen Krueger
Albert Kretchman
Mathias Kundinger
Harold Lange
Louise Lange
Elizabeth LaMott
George Lauer
Henry Lauer
Cecil Laundra
Eldred Lea
Alma Leaman
Harold Lehan
Phoebe Lewis
Frieda Lewellen
Pitt Light
Wilmer Littlejohn
Mildred Little
Pearl Losee
James Lutzke
Marguerite Lythe
Ray MacLean
Roderick MacIntosh
Morris Manncon
Mildred Marks
Clarence Maturen
Tracy Maynard
Walter Martzowka
Hazel Mentor
Donald MacRae
Eileen Method
Rowland Meyer
Catherine Meyers
Helen Muehlenbeck
Jean McDermid
Dorothy McDonald
Hewitt McDonagh
Kent McGregor
Edwin McKinnon
Eileen McNobb
Mary McMarie
Helen Nelson
Nettie Neubauer
Lois Orr
Gwendolyn Owens
Edgar Parker
Irene Philippe
Edwin Peitsch
Bertha Pierce
Plyllis Pitts
Francis Pitts
Harriet Pitts
Myrtle Plank
Ruth Plattenburg
Theodore Pratt
Clara Punches
Emily Putnam
Olive Railing
Leroy Rankin
Winifried Reickle
Carl Reither
Irene Rice
Frank Rindhage
Henry Richter
Melvin Robertson
Elinor Robertson
Lillian Roberts
Jane Roeser
Violet Roethke
William Roethke
Florence Ronay
Carl Rosine
Sherman Roush
Inez Ruble
Emma Reinke
Vivian Shaefer
William Scharf
Madeline Schurr
Kenneth Schurr
Gilbert Scheib
Hattie Schimmer
Harold Schultz
Nathan Schrieb
Sidney Schroeder
Violet Schwinck
Nelson Seekell
Milton Seiferlien
Arla Shaler
Alice Short
Emil Slevah
Elizabeth Simpson
Gilbert Smith
Alden Smith
Jean Smith
June Smith
Trafton Smith
Winifred Spencer
Herman Speckhard
Morris Staffeld
Ruth Stafford
Margaret Stark
Mildred Stock
Clifton Stuart
Rudolf Stolze
Margaret Streeter
Helen Strimbeck
Walter Strobel
Orpha Swanson
Elizabeth Swarthout
Morse Swift
Goldie Sulcor
Robert Teft
Joseph Telmos
Mildred Thatcher
Marion Theobald
Della Tigner
Margaret Tinnette
Herbert Trage
Everett Troup
Irene Tullis
Ruth VanWormer
Odelia Vandervier
Alice Vernon
Charles Wade
Carol Wagenhals
William Wagenhals
Janice Walker
Florence Warsinsky
Francis Weil
Margaret West
Ada Westwood
Russel Whyte
Helen Wells
Fred Wiese
Edna Wichman
Thomas Williams
Alice Wilson
Clara Wilkes
Wellington Wiltse
Chester Wirth
Julius Wirth
Bertram Zander
Lenord Zorn



Sophomore Class Notes

Yes, we are Sophomores this year and even though we have not given a party yet, we hope to do so before the year is over. The class officers this year are:

President----------Raymond Hart
Vice-President----------Jack Donnelly
Treasurer----------Nannette Bauer
Secretary----------Ruth Hannun

So far this year, we have been well represented in the school's athletic activities. Myron Cox and Raymond Hart, both Sophomores, played football on the first team. Clifford Currot, Raymond Hart, and Wisner Roby played basketball on the second team. Clifford Currot, Myron Cox, Leland Walker, and Nick Mangutz all went out for baseball, and as the team has not yet been picked, we are hoping that the Sophs will be represented.

RUTH HANNUM, Secretary.

Ella Ahrens
Esther Appleby
Arduino Ardusse
Wallace Ardusse
Dorothy Arnold
Nannette Bauer
Clarence Baumgart
Melva Beeker
Dale Bennett
John Benson
Belinda Biles
Guy Bixby
Ray Blackstone
Mabel Blitely
Elmer Bohnhoff
Hazel Booth
Dorothy Brock
Edna Broederdorf
Dorothy Browne
Charlotte Brueck
Maroetta Budde
Ida Burgess
Roswell Burrows
Alfred Callard
Margaret Campbell
Mildred Cannan
Harold Carlton
Louise Chambers
Howard Clafflin
Myron Cox
Frances Crozier
Clifford Curott
Donald Dankert
Mildred Davies
Erma Davis
Vivian Day
Bernie Deibes
William Dembinski
Earl Dixon
Harold Doering
Natalia Duclos
Lois Duff
Grvendolyn Evans
Laverne Eynon
Julia Ferman
Frederick Galarno
Thelma Goodman
Beatrice Hall
John Hall
Ruth Hannum
Earl Harris
Winnifred Harrod
Ray Hart
Blossom Henderson
Clara Herzog
Margaret Hoff
Mary Howard
Emily Hudson
Edwina Huebner
Laura Hunt
Charles Johnson
George Karow
Irma Karow
Monna Keith
Bertram Kessel
William Kessel
Mildred Koeber
Helen Kundinger
Marie La Fleur
Clara Leek
George Lehr
James Lehan
Carl Lilliestierna
Margaret Littledale
Bennet MacArthur
Nicholas Mangutz
Marie Martzowka
Muriel MacFarland
Howard MacIntyre
Thomas McQuade
Edward McRae
Harold Mertz
Don Metcalf
June Metzger

Helen Meyer
Marion Meyer
Cecile Moore
Albert Moore
Alberta Munson
Charles Murray
George Neidam
Erma Nuerminger
Amanda Oehring
Dorothy Oliver
Harold Olsen
Alma Oir
Abe Oserowsky
Dorothy Paine
Christol Pollard
Helen Puehl
Midge Redmond
Mildred Reins
William Reisner

Edith Rich
Helen Richard
Wisner Roby
Florence Roeser
Ross Rutledge
Hubert Ryan
Eleanor Schmidt
Alberta Schrieb
Viola Schuruy
Herbert Seidel
Earl Shaler
Cecil Shumaker
Geraldine Sickler
Gertrude Simpkins
Robert Smith
Henry Snyder
Leonard Speath
Laura Spence

Harriet Sperry
Byron Staffeld
Jennie Stanton
Margaret Stearns
Arvilla Stielow
Agnes Stone
David Struthers
Irene Swarthout
Harriet Tanner
Martin Tanner
Henrietta Trier
Catherine Vondette
Leland Walker
Marian Waters
Leo Weil
Ora Williams
Esther Wirth
Davis Wood
Helena Zeigler



Berg and Guyer Hats

Brenner & Brenner



Junior Class Notes

As the race for education progresses, runners are continually dropping out until, at last, few are left to finish the course. This year over one hundred Juniors have succeeded in finishing the race, and are ready to assume the weighty responsibilities and solemn dignity of Seniors.

The class has been working under the following officers:

Charles Grube----------President
Paul Hackett----------Vice-President
Ada Giles----------Secretary
Raymond Scheib ----------Treasurer

First on the program was football. In this, the Juniors were splendidly represented by Roy Spiekermann, Charles Grube, Raymond Scheib, Joseph Friske, Paul Hackett, Louis Coash, and James Pearson. When the football season was over, Winter and early Spring kept the following Juniors busy on the basketball team: Paul Hackett, Charles Grube and Raymond Scheib.

The girls' team would have had a hard time if it had not been for the excellent playing of Helen Carr, Grace Carmichael, and Jane Williams.

The Arthur Hill debating team has worked under enormous difficulties this year, and it is a wonder it is in existence at all. Its success is due to the three loyal members, one of whom is Albertine Schmidtke. She is the only Junior who will be awarded the literary A. H. this year.

The Junior Hop was given at Pioneer Hall, February fifteenth, and everyone had an excellent time.

No one can dispute the fact that the Junior Play, "The Big Idea," was a huge success. The size of the audience alone is commendation enough.

Now who can say that this hasn't been a record-breaking year for us? We are eargely looking forward to the time when we will be the "uppermost" of upper classmen. That will not be very long, provided, of course, we weather the final examinations.

ADA GILES, Secretary.

George Alderton
Reynold Anschutz
Earl Avery
Gladys Baker
Allaseba Becker
Bernie Becker
Russell Bingham
Genevieve Brandt
Ruth Bradford
Grace Canter
Grace Carmichael
Helen Carr
Edith Chritie
Louis Coash
Irene Cook

Vera Cox
Sadie Doerfner
Frank Donnelly
Donna Donnelly
Emma Duclos
Ethyl Everest
Emelyn Ewing
Fred Failing
Charles Frederick
Joseph Friske
Robley George
Ada Giles
Esther Graebner
Lucille Grobe
Charles Grube
Richard Gugel
Paul Hackett
Robert Haines
Pearl Hansen
Harry Hawkins
Lois Hepinstall
Daisy Hollies
Eleanor Johnson
Isla Jones
Doris Jost
Ross Joyce
Margaret Kanzler
Marie Kennedy
Mildred Kilbourn
Elva Koerber

Frances Lauer
Walter Lauer
Myrtle Lincoln
Loretta Major
Vincent Mallock
Martin Martzowka
Ralph Mannion
Isabel Maynard
Leslie McCullum
Frances McLellan
Irma McLellan
Donald McLaundress
Helen Moore
Edwin Myers
Alfred Navarro
Helen Newman
Russell Norton
James Pearson
Morris Perkins
Earl Peters
Flossie Pierce
Carl Pohlman
Julius Powers
Sarah Pritchard
Harriet Putnam
Olga Raupp
Clifton Reavey
Myrtle Remer
Edythe Rhinevault

Walter Richter
Josephine Rutledge
Harley Schafer
Raymond Scheib
Albertine Schmidtke
Ralph Schust
Helen Seidel
Helen Southgate
Fay Spencer
Roy Spiekerman
Morris Stewart
Thelma Stearns
Sidney Stingel
Andrew Struthers
Dale Thomas
June Trackett
Jesse Turner
Evelyn Vail
Edward Vertachnik
Esther Walker
Clarence Watkins
Vera Way
Edward Wilde
Alvin Wiel
Jane Williams
Dorothy Willings
Doris Wiltse
Alice Witham
Jennie Wolfgram
Vera Zorn



The Girls Club

At the first meeting of the Girls' Club the following officers were elected:

Eleanor Johnson_____President
Sadie Doerfner_____Vice-President
Donna Donnelly_____Secretary
Mildred Reins_____Treasurer

The Girls' Club, this year, has been a wonderful success. It seems as if every girl, whether an old or new member, has been working for the good of her club. There is one, and only one, thing, however, to which the girls have not given a sufficient amount of attention; that is the "Honor System." It is believed that more girls could have "tried out" for the various "honors" than did, because, really, the small tasks are very easy to do. But let us be optimistic and hope that next year the "Honor System" will be one of the first successes of the club.

The girls have given a series of successful parties, and have also held several meetings this year. The most successful party is believed to have been the annual "dress-up" party. Everyone was dressed in

either pretty or funny costumes; prizes going to Jean Craig Smith for the prettiest costume, and to Winifred Spencer for the funniest. A barn dance was given by several typically dressed dancers, and they were accompanied by an orchestra of "old times."

The last party, which is to be held in May, is expected to be the very best. Every boy in high school is to be invited. This is something unusual as the boys can never behold the Girls' Club parties, except through the windows of Pioneer Hall. We hope to have a big attendance at this party as a splendid time is being planned.

Just a word in regard to our President, Eleanor Johnson: Eleanor has certainly made the club "hum," so to speak. It has been every bit as "peppy" as it was last year. But the President could not have been so successful without the help of all the girls who attended or took part in the parties.

At this time we wish to thank every girl for what she has done for the good of the club, whether officer or member. We hope that every girl, in years to come, will recall the happy times which she has had in the Girls' Club of '21.

D. DONNELLY, Secretary.



Girls Glee Club

A Girls' Glee Club of twenty members—all singers of ability—is a club worthy of its popularity in Arthur Hill High School.

The girls have been too busy singing for outside affairs to make many appearances at Chapel, but on both occasions at which they sang, their selections were much enjoyed.

Their biggest achievement this year has been singing "By Babylon's Wave," a highly dramatic and difficult number by Gounod.

Seven of the girls have been chosen to represent the club at the State Musical Contest.

The members of the club are as follows:

Albertine Schmidtke	Nellie Blackstone
Dorothy Lewellyn	Dorothy Oliver
Esther Appleby	Gladys Alger
Edna Alderton	Olive Hymans
Florence Ronay	Ida Osterbeck
Mary Hammond	Edith Miller
Sarah Pritchard	Emma Duclos
Elizabeth Simpson	Sadie Doerfner
Dorothy Doerfner	Carol Redmond

Olga Raupp, Accompanist

Senior Class Notes

Not being of a ranting turn of mind as most Seniors are inclined to be, but of a cautious, watchful, and penetrating nature, We, the members of the Class of '21 make no claim to pomp or ceremony, but pass that by as being something that kings alone can enjoy. So, when we sailed into port and dropped anchor as members of the Senior Class of 1921, we sought not to amaze and beguile the other members of our barracks by publishing a list of projects that we intended to put into practice; but set about to organize and become fitted to equal the pace set by our predecessors.

We made excellent use of our time, and by the seventeenth of September, ha d elected the finest group of officers that ever undertook to pilot the flagship of any fleet through the boisterous seas of education. Here they are, folks. Remember them always as worthy representatives of the Class of '21.

Bessie Close----------President
Duane Chamberlain----------Vice-President
Herbert Wettlaufer----------Treasurer
Robert Allardyce----------Secretary

Having now organized our executive forces, we turned our thoughts to moneyed matters and succeeded in extracting from each member of our class, a promise to pay, to the treasurer of the class, the sum of two dollars. Now that we had some money, the question was, what would we do with it? Now isn't that a foolish question to ask a Senior? Well, just to start the ball a rolling, and just to see how fast we could get rid of it, we appointed the Seniors who were to edit the Legenda. The Legenda, you know, is the paper in which all the noteworthy happenings and history-making events that occur during our stay in Arthur Hill are recorded, so that they might be referred to as a guide by the aspiring and worshipping members of the lower classes.

Now, having succeeded in expending all the money that we had been fortunate enough to procure, we had to devise a plan whereby we could make money. This necessitated the appointing of a committee to select a play, so upon Sept. 27, 1920, we launched our first money-making project by selecting a group of five Seniors who were delegated to choose a play which would be suitable for public presentation. This committee labored incessantly to procure a play that would approach somewhere within the realms of novelty, but as time wore on, and the much sought for play failed to make its appearance, the play committee had to be contented with one of the very first plays that had been considered and so this year, we Seniors presented "The Man on the Box," a rollicking comedy in three acts.

Somebody page the fellow who invented mottos, at least, the one who wrote the motto under which we have been promenading. Just think of it! We, the Seniors of the Class of '21 took an oath upon the high altar of education that from the third day of January, nineeen hundred and twenty-one, we would be square to everyone we met, be he friend or foe, Freshman or Junior, said oath to be considered binding until we, as a class, sever our shackles and strike out for an individual goal. Well, it was as a New Year's resolution, made to be broken.

Jove, did you go to our party? Oh, boy, wasn't it great to walk about under that nifty arrangement of blue and white streamers and just gloat upon that fine musical program! But that is nothing compared to what really took place, for we actually made money and so our second

money-making project proved to be successful. We wish you as good luck, friend Juniors, for you know, as we understand it, last year's Seniors were not quite so successful as we were.

'Tis not the strain of the wedding march that strikes our ear, but we hear the wail of our graduation march as we proudly step forth to greet the brother mortal more advanced in years than we who stands before us.

The curtain falls, and we are no longer bona-fide members of old Arthur Hill, but only in the realms of memory can we cherish such thoughts.

Results of Senior Class Elections

Most Popular Boy ---------- Henry Kehren
Most Popular Girl ---------- Bessie Close
Class Shark ---------- Claude Clark
Class Bluffer ---------- Ruth Schoeneberg
Class Wit ---------- Walter Roeser
Class Gossip ---------- Ethel Curran
Class Vamp ---------- Ila Marble
Class Bachelor ---------- Russel Swarthout
Class Old Maid ---------- Alma Weichmann
Peppiest Girl ---------- Bessie Close
Peppiest Tom Boy ---------- Ida Osterbeck
Class Infant ---------- Richard Rankin
Class Twins --- Lena Pankinnon and Leona Dollhopf
Class Dude ---------- Roscoe Hefron
Class Fashion Plate ---------- Caroline Meyers
Best Boy Dancer ---------- James Hay
Best Girl Dancer ---------- Pauline Smith
Handsomest Boy ---------- Arthur Witham
Prettiest Girl ---------- Ann Powell
Best All-Around Sport ---------- Bessie Close

Mathematical Club

The year 1920-21 has been a very eventful and successful one for the Mathematical Club. The Club held its first meeting of the year on October 19, 1920. At this meeting, officers were elected for the first semester. We chose for our President, Ruth Avery; Vice-President, Isla Jones; Secretary and Treasurer, Martin Martzowka.

With this body of competent officers, President Avery began her term by appointing a Social and Program Committee. At the opening meeting Miss Vanderhoof, Mr. Rickerman, and a few other faculty members, were the guests of the Club. The speaker of the evening was Mr. Boyd, one of Saginaw's prominent surveyors.

The second meeting was held at this High School on November 9, 1920. At this time, the program committee presented the program which they had prepared. The program was very interesting and was accepted unanimously.

The third meeting was held November 30, 1920. The ready response of the members to our requests for music was a source of enjoyment. Several good musicians gave us enjoyable additions to the regular program.

On Monday evening of December 20th a Christmas entertainment was given in Pioneer Hall. A splendid and amusing program was given

through the efforts of our members. Our program consisted of several short playlets and recitations, and at the close of it Santa Claus distributed gifts to all of us.

Our next meeting was held March 8, 1921. At this meeting, Mr. Humes of the Y. M. C. A. spoke on a very interesting subject which he entitled "Keep Agoing." Immediately after this talk, we elected our officers for the second semester. Miss Ella Haines was elected President; Frank McDermid, Vice-President; Martin Martzowka, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Club has been a success throughout, and those who neglected to join or attend the meetings surely lost something which they will never be able to regain.

George Alderton
Ruth Appleby
Ruth Avery
Hazel Baskins
Allaseba Becker
Russell Bingham
Harry Burrows
Edith Christie
Frances Duff
Ada Giles
Harry Gnatkowski
Ella Haines
Robert Haines
Winifred Harrod
Isla Jones
Marie Kennedy
Rudolph Krause
Frances Lauer
Walter Lauer
Martin Martzowka
Frank McDermid
Fyllis Ostrander
Margaret Pitts
Lillian Reisner
Evelyn Richter
Dorothy Schendel
Pauline Smith
Russell Swarthout
Dale Thomas
Ester Walker
Vera Way



Orchestra

The High School Orchestra entered upon its second year with a membership nearly twice as large as that of last year; and with this increasing interest, and with the promise of seven new members next year, the High School Orchestra will be one of our biggest and best organizations.

The programs given this year have been greatly varied, from the best music played before the various Parent-Teacher's Clubs, to the popular programs given before the High School Assemblies, all have been received with enthusiasm. The first formal occasion was the Junior Play at which time, the orchestra played an interesting program before the curtain and between acts. On April sixteenth they furnished the music for a successful All-School Party, playing for the dancing from eight to ten.

On May twentieth the orchestra goes to compete in the State Musical Contest at Mt. Pleasant, along with many older and more experienced players, but they hope to bring back some recognition to

Arthur Hill. The money for the trip was obtained from the proceeds of the Concert given by the Orchestra and Girls' Glee Club on the evening of May sixth.

First Violins:

Albertine Schmidtke
Grace Carmichael
Gladys Alger
Emmaline Kennedy
Sylvia Heidger
Donald Dankert

Second Violins:

John Benson
Wilmer Littlejohn
Harold Lange
Mildred Little
Jane Kerkhof
Winifred Lange

Cello:

Byron Staffeld

Saxophones:

Harold Olsen
William Kessel

Drums:

Roswell Burrows

Director:

Gracia M. Sickels

Accompanist:

Donna Donnelly

The Spanish Club

The Spanish Club was organized about a month after the beginning of school. The original membership consisted of twelve persons:

Mildred Reins
Thelma Stearns
Margaret Stearns
Etta Steilow
Orvila Steilow
Daisy Hollies
Laura Hunt
Jennie Stanton
Vera Cox
Maria Kennedy
George Ames
Edward MacRae

A very enjoyable program was given just before Christmas. Roscoe Hefron gave an interesting talk on his experiences in the navy. Mr. Bradshaw gave an account of school sports in the Philippines. Music was furnished by Miss Mary Rinehart, who played upon her ukelele; Rodolf Deveaux sang several French Christmas Carols, and some of the first year members gave recitations and readings. The program was concluded with dancing..

The first meeting after Christmas, three new members were taken into the club:

Helen Hollies
Thomas McQuade
Harlem Volker

Meetings have been suspended for the present time as the club is working on a play which is to be given in May at Pioneer Hall. This play is entitled "Uno de Ellos Debe Casarse" (one of them must marry).

EDWARD M'RAE, Secretary.

Dolphin Silk Hosiery Brenner & Brenner

Classical Club Notes

To onlookers, the Classical Club may have appeared to be a failure this year, but to the members themselves, this has been a year of interest and entertainment. This year's officers are:

Catherine Rice_____President
Russell Bingham_____Vice-President
Ada Giles_____Secretary
George Alderton_____Treasurer

Very little was accomplished the first semester, as the students seemed to have lost all interest in the affairs of this club, and enthusiasm could not be aroused. At last, a plan was devised which changed things entirely. Membership was limited to the second, third, and fourth year Latin students; and the meetings were held once a month during the recitation hours.

Although little time has been given to social events, the meetings, under the new system, have been very interesting. Myths and poems in relation to the Aenead were discussed, while at another time, Greek and Roman art was found to contain features of interest to present day students.

During the latter part of the first semester, a lecture was given at the high school by Professor Crittenden from the University of Michigan. He spoke to a large and interested audience on the subject: Old Greek and Roman Games.

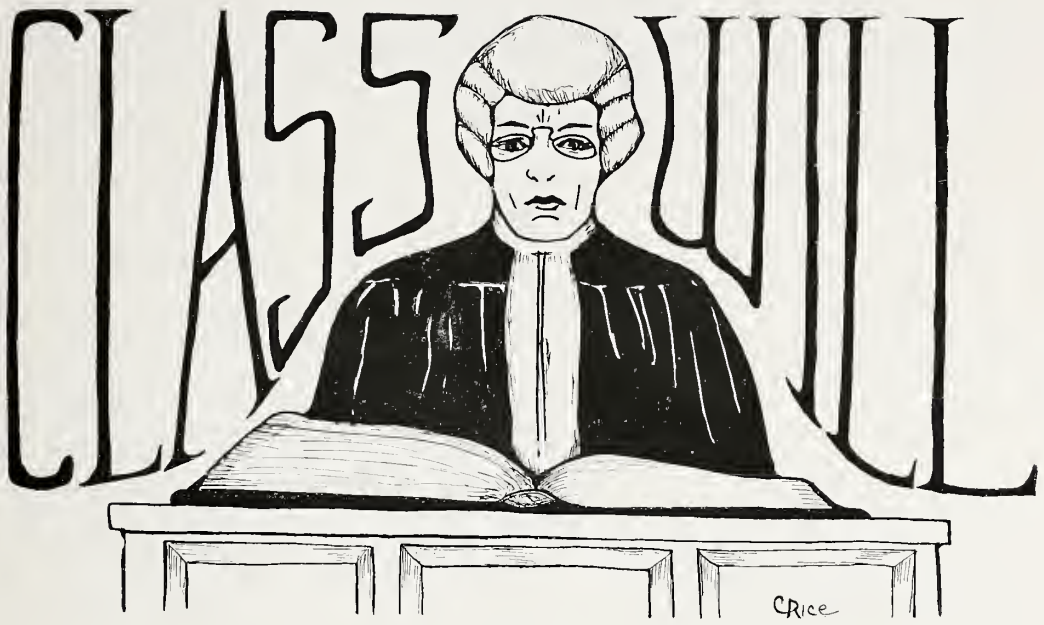
We did not have time to give a play this year, but a party of some kind will probably be given to add a final touch to the year's success.

ADA GILES, Secretary.

George Alderton
Hazel Baskin
Allaseba Becker
Russell Bingham
Hazel Booth
Elma Bradford
Dorothy Browne
Louise Chambers
Clifford Currott
Margerite Curtis
Leslie Eynon
Irene Gelinas
Ada Giles
Harry Gnatowski
Olive Hymans
Emily Hudson
Isla Jones
Isabel Maynard
Marion Meyer
Frank McDermid
Helen Moore
Margerite Pitts
Catherine Rice
Florence Roeser
Ross Rutledge
Pauline Smith
Leanard Speath
Harriet Tanner
Dale Thomas



Soft Collar Pins Brenner & Brenner



'20-'21

We, the Senior Class of Arthur Hill High School, do assign all funeral debts and all miscellaneous debts incurred throughout the school year of 1921 upon the budding class of 1922.

Section A, Article 1 (Containing the individual wishes.)

I, Elizabeth Alderton, do will and bequeth my charms which have so enraptured that graceful youth whom I shall not mention, to any one who can support said youth.

I, Ruth Appleby, give my French standing to Miss Keating for keeps.

I, Ruth Avery, give all my "A's" and "B's" to the first grade teacher of the John Moore School to be used in the construction of a new alphabet.

I, Hazel Baskin, freely give my father's gold badge unto any young man who will capture and hold "Little Dan" for me.

I, Hazel Beach, being in my right mind, freely bequeth my Commercial Law "As" to the individual who can show me the best road to perpetual happiness.

I, Nellie Blackstone, of my own free will and accord, give a scow, two paddles, and one handsome boatman to the one who will trade for a good fast motor boat. (Country preferred)

I, Lauretta Bleum, do will my entire lot of "E's" to the Morse Telegraph Code.

I, Elma Bradford, of my own free will and accord, give my entire amount of Physics knowledge (including both books and three pencils) to the person who can recite the three laws on the "evolution of bumping bodies."

I, Lydia Christ, give my popularity with the young men of the said Class of '21 to our gentle office girl.

I, Helen Claflin, give all the powder which I have wasted on my nose during the past school year to the Irish Navy (to be used only in close target practice.)

I, Bessie Close, will and bequeth my reputation as a book lover, man hater, and movie nut to that busy enemy of mine, Fred Failing.

I, Ethel Curran, give the entire essence of my superb "LINE" to the one who will need it most in the future years.

I, Margaret Curtis, give my popularity with the male environment of my class to that bashful dame, Edna Alderton.

I, Dorothy Doerfner, give my love of art and hair dressing to that little maid, Nanette Bauer.

I, Leona Dollhoph, will my good record in whispering to a better talker.

I, Francis Duff, give all my standings unto the scool records.

I, Irene Gelinas, bequeath all the books which I have not ruined to the Junior who can best fill my place.

I, Leota Goodrow, being of sane mind, give my coquette's heart to the Biology Department (to be disected as prescribed by Doctors Addison and Steel.)

I, Irma Grumwell, give all the hair pins I have not lost in the past school year to the Woolworth trimming department.

I, Ella Haines, give all the school parties which I have missed, to to the one who can find them.

I, Gladys Harper, will the scrap paper I have wasted unto the City Scavenger.

I, Mildred Heidger, bequeath all my love for "Tam O' Shanter" to "John Barleycorn."

I, Olive Hymans, give of my own free will and accord, my entire fortune to the one who will make Henry the "Man on the Box."

I, Dorothy Lewellyn, will my femine modesty to Mr. Morrison.

I, Caroline Myer, of apparently sound memory, will and bequeath my reputation as the best dresser in my class to any one who thinks she has enough money to spend on clothes.

I, Edith Miller, give my love for the statue of "Scott" to the Freshman who can read "Ivanhoe" and convince me that he understands it.

I, Ellan Morgan, give all my Physics problems to Miss Foote as a memory of the work I was supposed to do.

I, Ida Osterbeck, (supposing myself in my right mind) give my well developed vocal chords to Miss Dora Westwood.

I, Phyllis Ostrander, give my "specks" unto the statue of Julius Caesar now resting in the "case of the front stairs."

I, Margaret Pitts, give the formula for my red cheeks to the rouge manufacturers.

I, Gladys Plambeck, will my worn-out hair nets to the Bay City Fishing Company.

I, Anna Powell, give my American History Book to anyone who can give me the Louisiana Purchase.

I, Carrie Purchase, give my finger-nail file to Mr. Allen for the manual training shop.

I, Dorethea Reichle, of my own free will and accord give my art of pleasing conversation to the worthy under-class man who makes application for it before June 23, 1921.

I, Lillian Reisner, give my ability to study to the one who can teach me the lighter side of life. (Good looker preferred.)

I, Catherine Rice, give my left over hair to Esther Appleby.

I, Evelyn Richter, give my vast knowledge of Trig to Mr. Hoge.

I, Grethen Roethke give my sadly wrecked fame as class "Vamp" to Ila Marble.

I, Dorothy Schendel, give my empty peroxide bottle to the Saginaw Bottle Company.

I, Ruth Schoeneberg, give my reputation as "Class Bluffer" to others of the class more worthy of the joke.

I, Laura Schwahn, give the class song to the graduating class of '21 provided it be sung by the janitor on the eve of our funeral. (Jerry preferred.)

I, Pauline Smith, give all my old acquaintances to the Junior class, knowing that they will benefit by the advices of the same.

I, Etta Steilow, give my knowledge of Spanish to Miss Sickles to be made into a song to be sung after each meal to retard digestion.

I, Ella Turnbull, give my vast learning in typewriting to any lighter fingered person.

I, Alma Weichman, give my noisy ways to the Saginaw, Bay City Traction Company.

I, Ottilia Zorn, of my own free will and accord, give all my powder puffs to the Saginaw Welfare League to be sold at auction.

I, Ila Marble, give my reputation as class "Vamp" to the one who can take it from me.

I, Sylvia Kaiser, give my reputation as a man-hater to anyone who can tell me how to "rope in" a certain B. D.____?

Article 1—Section 2

I, Robert Allardyce, give my office as overseer of this masterpiece, the Legenda, to the one who can correct a muddle and retain his sanity.

I, Maurice Brown, give my Physics Note Book to Miss Foote as a remembrance of my good writing.

I, Duane Chamberlain, give my ability as an interpretive reader to Mr. Rickeman.

I, Claude Clark, give the money received from the scholarship to to the orphans' home.

I, Arthur Curran, of my own free will and accord give my ability to recite "A Man's A Man 'E'en If 'E Hasn't a Hat" to Bobbie Burns.

I, Leslie Eynon, give the money received from the scholarship to the building of a new pump in the back yard.

Do I, Orville Gile, give my vast knowledge of American History to the best looking girl in school X. Y. Z.?

I, Harry Gnathowski, give the money received from the scolarship to the fund for weak-minded teachers.

I, John Herzog, give my reputation as a perfect young man for just one good time.

I, Henry Kehren, give one good "cue" to the one who will direct me to the perpetual dandelion fields.

I, Rudolph Krause, give my reputation as one of the most bashful boys of the class to Chuck Murray.

I, Winifred Lange, will my knowledge of Trig to William Dembinski.

I, Frank McDermid, give my knowledge of American History to the author of a new history book. (3 page affair.)

I, Jack Ochsenkehl, being absolutely in my own mind (to my own knowledge) give twenty four (24) bottles of bay rum for three (3) of the ancient regime.

I, Richard Rankin, will my reputation as Class Baby for one can of Borden's Condensed Milk.

I, Junior Rockwood, give my reputation as a good student in English Literature to all the poets, novelists, and dramatists from the Anglo-Saxon period to the present day.

I, Walter Roeser, will and bequeath my reputation as Class Clown and all-around fool to some one of good common sense.

I, Russell Swarthout, will my fame as Trig Shark to Mr. Hoge.

Do I, Russell Stickney, give my good looks to the front page of Breezy Stories?

I, Warren Thompson, give my old Laboratory Manual to our junk dealer.

I, Edward Ure, will and bequeath my ability as a steel handler to the Saginaw Hardware Company.

I, Herbert Wettlaufer, give my popularity with the weaker sex of the class to some Junior whom I hope, shall be more successful than I in holding this popularity.

I, Arthur Witham, give my reputation as the "Class Best Looker" to Fay Smith.

I, Enoch Yates, give the money which I win by the scholarship to the erection of a new brewery—in canada.

I, Walter Bohnhoff, will my entire accumulation of credits to the person who can teach me more about the "drug" trade.

I, Carl Compton, give everything to everybody.

I, Bishop Davis, do give anything I have for another May 1, 1918.

I, Edward Peters, give my good marks to the school to be framed and hung in the furnace room.

I, Joe Robertson, give my musical voice to the Sonora.

I, Earl Marquis, do will my record sheets to the Saginaw Paper Co., to be used as wall paper in the Junior High School.

I, Russell Shepherd, give my ability to act, to any Jeffers-Strand Company.

I, Clarence Wilkinson, give my entire learning in music for a flat.

I, Elmo Wilkinson, give all I have toward the repealing of the twenty-third amendment.

I, Lloyd Wiltse, give my good will to the world.

I, Edward Cherry, give my neat appearance to any worthy underclassman who can use it to the best advantage.

And we, the United Class of 1921, do give and bequeath our joint possessions as follows:

To the Juniors—our nerve and privileges as Seniors.

To the Sophmores—our conceit.

To the Freshmen—our knowledge.

To the faculty—our good will and heartiest thanks for everything they have so willingly done for us in the past four years of the most enjoyed period of our lives.

To this will, we, the present seniors of Arthur Hill High School of Saginaw, W. S., Michigan, do affix our name this twentieth day of May in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred twenty-one (1921).

Roscoe Earl Herfon, Notary of Class.
My commission expires June 23, 1921.

Witness: Harold Steel, John Moore School.

Witness: A. C. Morrison, Arthur Hill High School.

Class Poem

How dear to our hearts is this Arthur Hill High School
When thoughts of our leaving presents it to view,
The old Pioneer, the halls and the classrooms,
And all our dear friends, some old and some new,
The blue and gold are the colors we cherish,
The all school parties now things of the past,
The teachers we loved and the lessons they taught us,
All make up fond memories which always shall last.
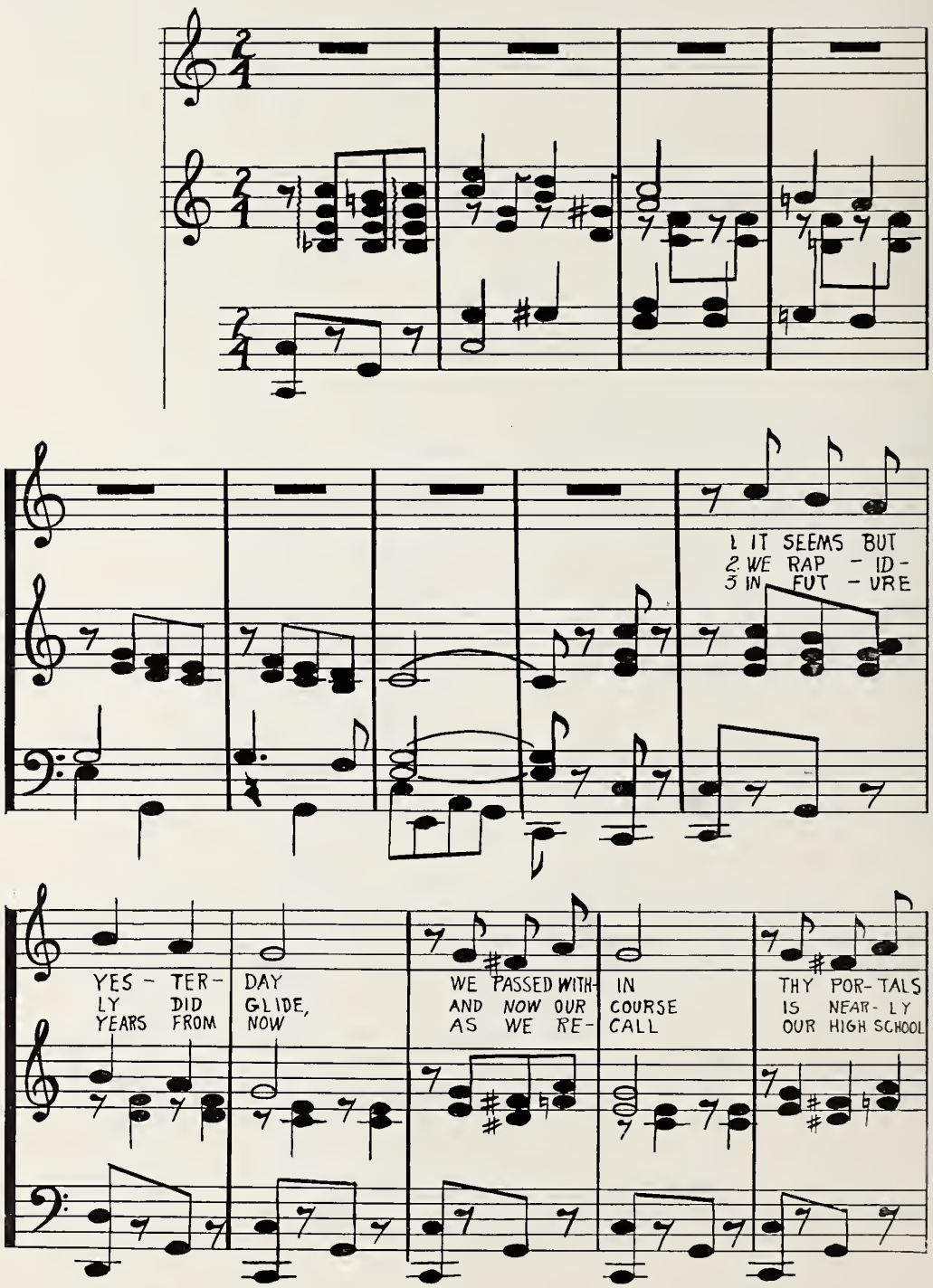
The session room too is a place we'll remember,
For often at noon when returned from our lunch,
We went there to make a pretence at study,
But really to laugh and talk with the bunch.
We talked of football, the girls and their "fellows",
And gazed at our books with innocent ways
For worries and pleasure, and pranks of our school life,
Will always remind us of happy school days.

And now comes the time that our lessons are ended,
And we must all leave, and our separate ways view,
So good-bye to teachers, and farewell to classmates
For now we all seek our life work anew.
Our motto—"Be Square"—we will always remember
And strive to live up to its standards so high
So now we must leave our dear Arthur Hill High
And we sigh, as we turn to wave it good-bye.
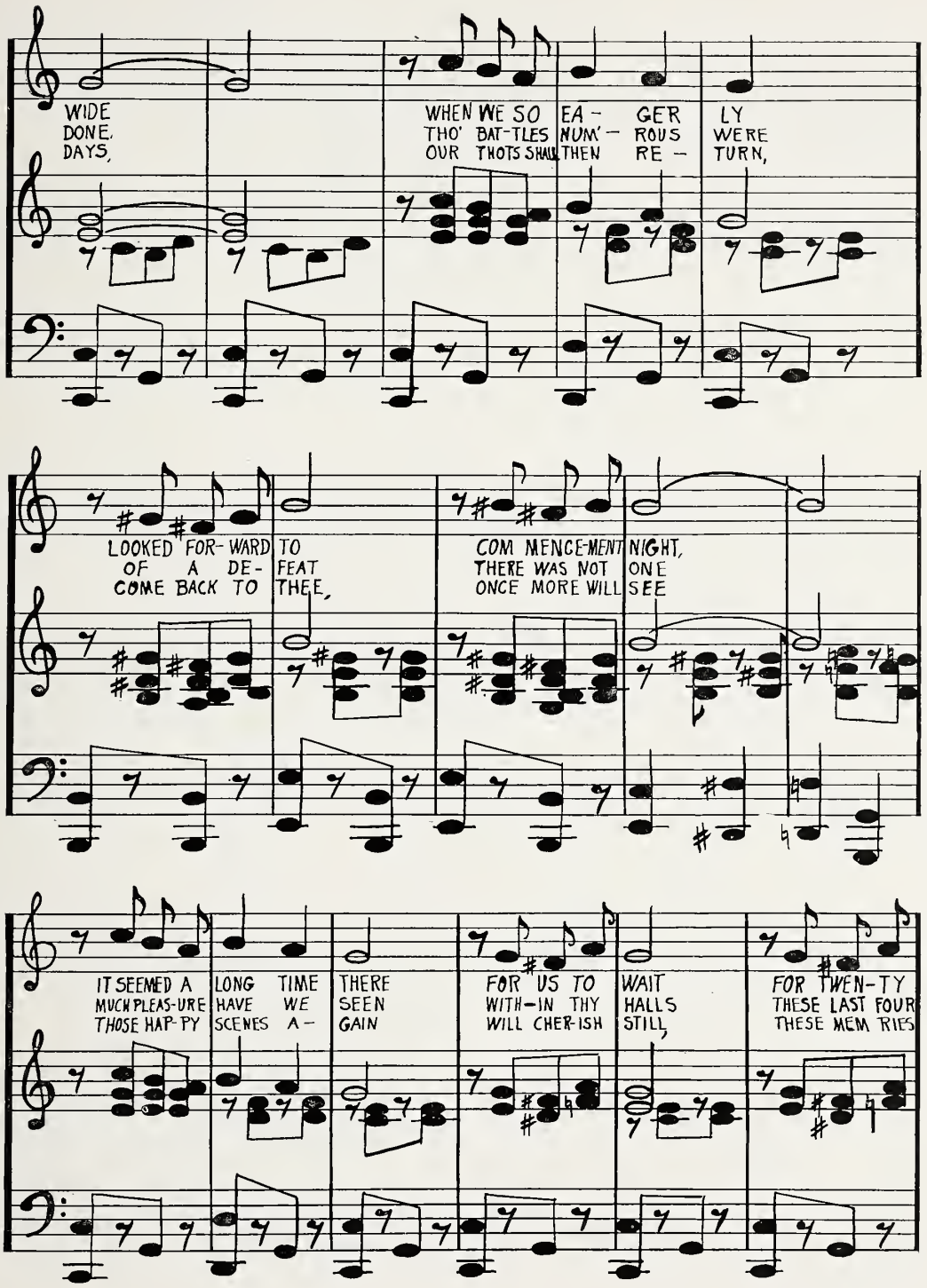
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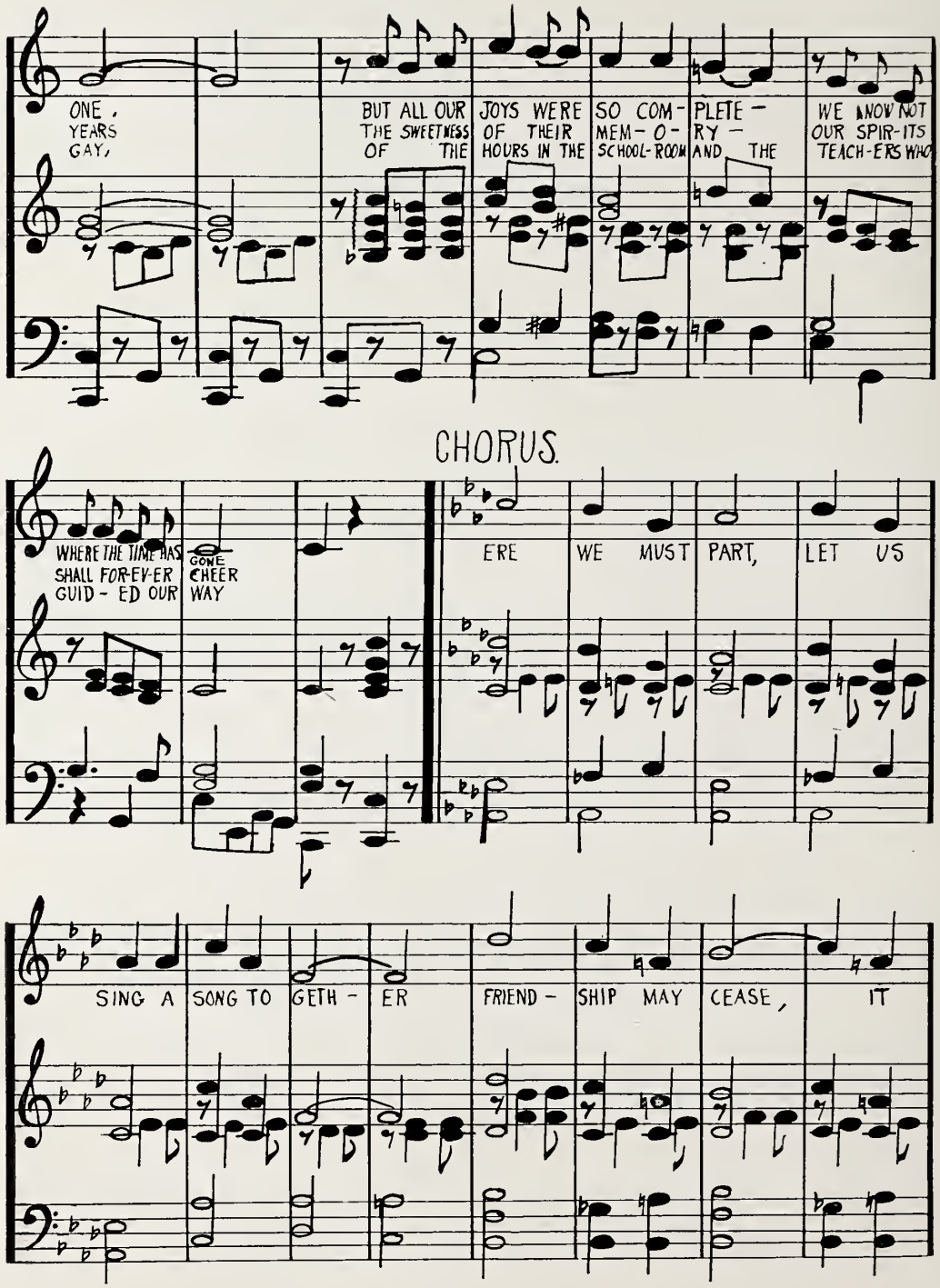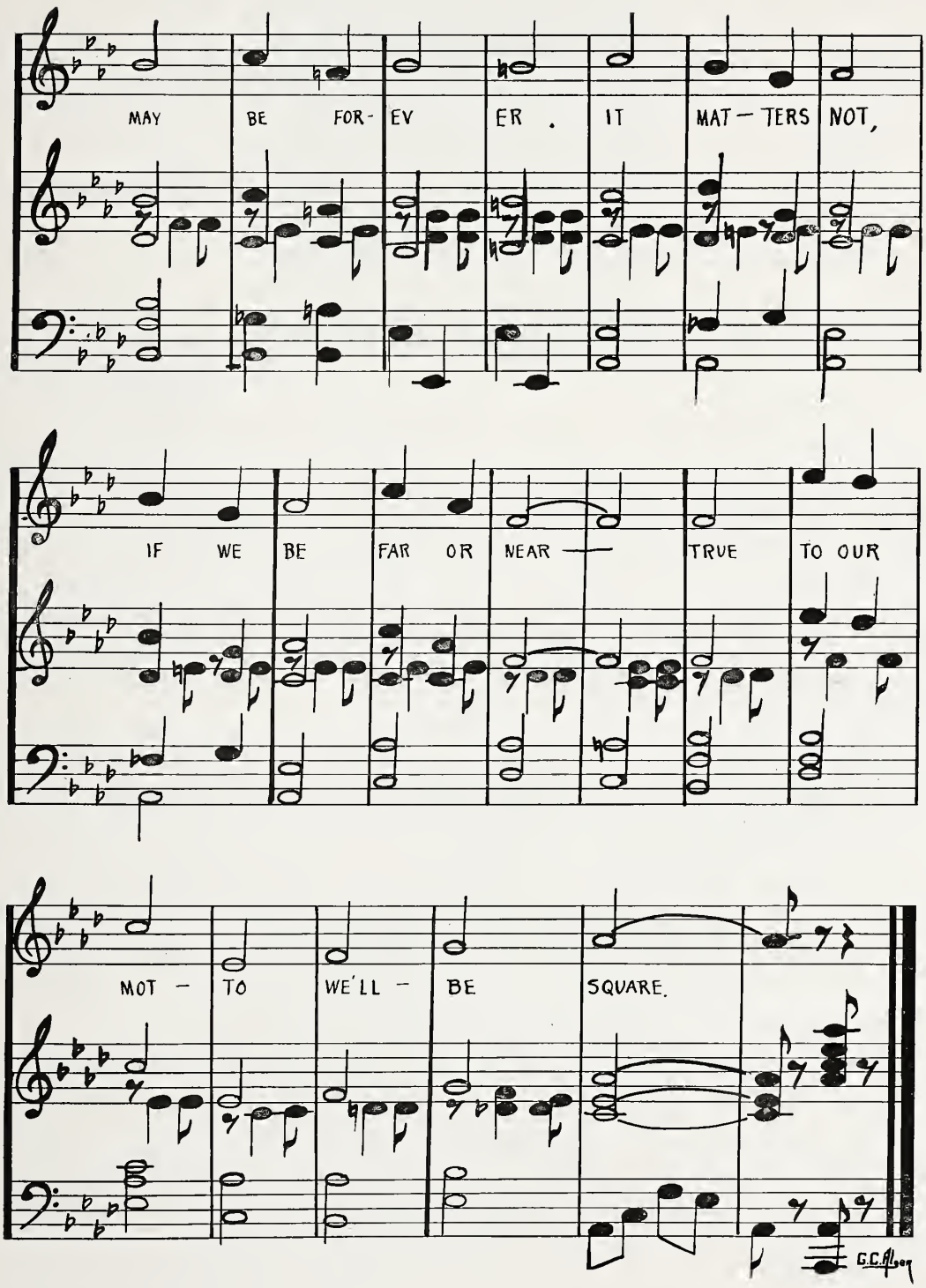


Class


1 IT SEEMS BUT
2 WE RAP - ID -
3 IN FUT - URE
YES - TER- DAY
LY DID GLIDE,
YEARS FROM NOW
WE PASSED WITH- IN
AND NOW OUR COURSE
AS WE RE- CALL
THY POR- TALS
IS NEAR- LY
OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Song


WIDE DONE, DAYS,
WHEN WE SO EA- GER LY
THO' BAT-TLES NUM'- ROUS WERE
OUR THOTS SHALL THEN RE- TURN,
LOOKED FOR- WARD TO
OF A DE- FEAT
COME BACK TO THEE,
COM MENCE-MENT NIGHT,
THERE WAS NOT ONE
ONCE MORE WILL SEE
IT SEEMED A LONG TIME
MUCH PLEAS-URE HAVE WE
THOSE HAP-PY SCENES A-
THERE SEEN GAIN
FOR US TO WAIT
WITH-IN THY HALLS
WILL CHER-ISH STILL,
FOR TWEN-TY
THESE LAST FOUR
THESE MEM-RIES


ONE,
YEARS
GAY,
BUT ALL OUR
THE SWEETNESS
OF THE
JOYS WERE
OF THEIR
HOURS IN THE
SO COM-
MEM-O-
SCHOOL-ROOM
PLETE-
RY-
AND THE
WE KNOW NOT
OUR SPIR-ITS
TEACH-ERS WHO
CHORUS.
WHERE THE TIME HAS
SHALL FOR-EV-ER
GUID-ED OUR
GONE
CHEER
WAY
ERE
WE
MUST
PART,
LET
US
SING A
SONG TO
GETH-
ER
FRIEND-
SHIP
MAY
CEASE,
IT


MAY BE FOR- EV ER . IT MAT — TERS NOT,
IF WE BE FAR OR NEAR — TRUE TO OUR
MOT — TO WE'LL — BE SQUARE.



For The Benefit Of Our Debators

The achievements of the public speaking department this year compare favorably with the accomplishments of previous years. But these results are due not to the enthusiasm of the school as a whole, but rather to the hard work of a few. This lack of enthusiasm was noticed both when the debating team was organized, and also when the declamation contest was held.

Early in the year the University announced the subject for league debates which was, "Resolved: That the adjustment of all disputes between employers and employees should be made a part of the administration of justice."

On December third, the debating team, composed of Harry Johnson, Albertine Schmidtke, and Elma Bradford, journeyed to Sebewaing for its first debate. It seemed for a time that the fates were against us. We arrived at the station that morning and found that one member of the team and our chaperon were late. The tardy member arrived in time to leave with us, but we were chaperonless. Nevertheless, Miss Miller, our chaperon, arrived in time for the debate, bringing good luck with her. We won by a two to one decision.

On December seventeenth, we were opposed by Cass City. Here we lost by another two-to-one decision. The Cass City people certainly deserved the victory, for they were represented by an excellent debating team. Their debaters outpointed us when it came to refuting statements but we far excelled them in delivery and constructive material.

In the next debate, Arthur Hill was assigned the opposite side of the question. Up to this time, the team had supported the affirmative side of the question. Due to the fact that no one had turned out to support the negative side of the question, those people who had composed the affirmative team had to become converts and uphold the agruments presented by a team favoring the negative side of the question.

On January twenty-first, we debated at Holly. We also lost this debate, this time by an unanimous decision. We lost at Holly because we made a statement that we could not support with convincing evidence.

February fourth, Flint High School was our opponent. The judges

rendered a two-to-one decision for Flint. This debate was the closest of the season, and we do not begrudge Flint the victory.

Croswell, our next opponent, forfeited the debate to us and, hence, the debate that we planned to have at home was not held.

Altogether, we consider that the season was a success. The team deserves a lot of credit, for they spent a great deal of time and effort upon the question. Each individual did the very best possible and ought to have the thanks of the school.

In this connection a few words should be said about oratory and declamation. In the subdistrict contest held at East Tawas, April 8th, Arthur Hill was not represented in oratory. Harry Johnston, a Freshman of Arthur Hill, won second place in declamation. Our contestant was seriously handicapped in this event. Just prior to April 8th we had been having very warm weather, but on the day of the contest the temperature suddenly dropped ten degrees. The cold wave was accompanied by a heavy rain. Our contestant who was obliged to be out in this rain, being entirely unprepared for it, was drenched and became afflicted with a very severe cold on the very afternoon of the event. Yet in spite of this serious setback he managed to win second place. Six contestants competed for honors in declamation.

The success this year in public speaking is commendable, but the best that Arthur Hill is capable of doing, has not been accomplished. Each and every student should feel that it is his duty to do all he can to make a name for Arthur Hill in the activities of this department.

ELMA M. BRADFORD.



HARRY JOHNSTON

DRAMATICS



A Drama In One Act

Henry Kehren

Scene: House on moor, just outside the walls of Sing Sing Prison.
Characters: Father.
Son.
Convict.

Father and son in room.

Father: Well, Jim, there is such a report about your moping around the walls of Sing Sing, that I have come up here to see what on earth ails you. What do you mean, anyhow, by building a house out on this barren plain?

Son: (in a melancholy manner) I want to watch that prison. Perhaps some one there is watching me.

F.: A fine occupation, indeed, for a young man. What on earth brought you up here anyway? You have been acting like a criminal who is afraid of being caught. Remember, I am your father and you can talk to me confidentially. I don't want a son of mine to be afraid of me.

S.: Do you know what the fifth Commandment is?

F.: The fifth Commandment! Well, now let me see—Well, what in the deuce are you worrying about the fifth Commandment for?

S.: (turning aside) The fifth Commandment is—"Thou shalt not kill."

F.: Well, what has that got to do with your moping around Sing Sing?

S.: Did you ever break that Commandment?

F.: What! Break it? Now, see here, Jim—(alarm from prison) Good heavens, what's that?

S.: (looking out of window at inn) Only some poor devil who has tried to break the bonds of his slavery, and who's being hunted like an animal. They will follow him with savage dogs and drag him back again into that accursed fortress.

F.: Look here, Jim, there is something wrong with you. That prison is not a dungeon or fortress, but the greatest protection that society has.

S.: Do you call it protection to shut up innocent men from the light of day for a life-time?

F.: Innocent men be d——d! Those men in that prison are criminals sent there by the law for their crimes.

S.: How do you know they are criminals? Oh, I stand here night after night, and watch that vast building holding in its clutches God knows how many innocent men, and it maddens me to be at liberty.

F.: (in disgust) If you are so fond of that prison, why don't you rent a room there?

S.: I may do that some day. I'm going to bed. (Exit at m).

F.: (Father strolls over to window, facing prison, and looks out in silence for a moment. Walks over to table and sits down.) I wonder if Jim can have done anything? "Thou shalt not kill," eh? Perhaps he has plugged somebody in an affair of honor. Ha! Ha! Well, murder more or less never bothered our family. I sowed my wild oats when I was young, and I've always told Jim to do it, too. I never regretted it yet, and I never expect to.

(Noise without at door.)

(Convict bursts in armed with revolver. The father seeing at once, the striking resemblance between his son and the convict exclaims):

F.: Jim!

Convict: Don't Jim me! Who do you think I am? Throw up your hands!

F.: Aren't you my son?

Convict: **Your** son? Do I look like him? O, they are hunting me like a wild beast; and I am innocent—innocent! Don't stand there! Hide me somewhere do you understand?

F.: I—I—thought you were Jim, my son.

Convict: No. I never had a home like this. But I did have a home once—and wait till I get the man who destroyed it! (Father starts back before convict's fury.) Why do you move away, as though I were a criminal? I am innocent, and there is only one man in the world who needs to fear me. But wait until I get him! He committed murder, and then, because I looked like him, I was arrested, convicted and sentenced to spend the rest of my life like a wild beast in a cage. But I am free now and I will stay free until I get my man. The world is too small for him to escape me. Some day our paths will cross. Some day we shall meet—and then—Ah-h-h! (Doubling his fist in fury, still holding revolver.)

F.: Do you think you will get him?

Con.: Get him? Get him! Listen! The other night, to keep away madness, I took a pin, a **pin,** you understand, and shut my eyes and flung it away in my cell. Then, in the pitch dark of midnight, I got up to look for it. On my hands and knees I groped for it—groped in that darkness until my head pounded and red blotches swam before my eyes—groped until my fingers were torn and raw and bleeding, and my heart was fit to burst and there was a wild ringing in my ears. But —I found it! I **Found** it! And so I shall find that man who is responsible for my hell on earth, and when I do—(noise in Jim's room at right.)

Con.: What is that?

F.: That is my son for whom I mistook you.

Con.: Mistook me! Do I resemble him that much? Ah! Bring him out! Bring him out till I get one look at his face!

F.: (terrified) No-No-No;

Con. I will see him! (Starts toward door. Father runs to block him.) Out of my way, or I'll shoot you like a cur!

F.: Stop! I beg you to stop.

Con.: Never! (Starts to force way past him, when noise is heard at back.) What's that? Good heavens the guards! They are on my trail! Listen! Go to that door but don't step out of my sight. Remember, you are covered with this gun. Tell them you know nothing, do you hear? and if they enter this room you are a dead man.

(Crouches behind table, covering F. who goes to door and talks to unseen guards.)

Guard: We are looking for an escaped convict, and we have reason to believe he is in this house.

F.: In this house? Surely you are mistaken.

Guard: We would like to search the premises. (F. hesitates. Con. thrusts gun forward.)

F.: Upon my word, you are wrong. If I see him, I will immediately notify you.

G.: You are taking a chance. He is a desperate man.

F.: (seeing convict thrust gun forward again) No, you are wrong. There is no one here. (Guards depart.)

F.: (to convict) I have saved you. Will you take some money and depart?

Con.: (bitterly) Money? What is money compared to revenge?

F.: Wait! I am a rich man. I will give you $100,000—$200,000,

$250,000.

Con.: (hesitating) In cash?

F.: In a check, good in any corner of the world.

Con.: Write out a check for $250,000 and give me a suit of clothes and we'll call it square. (F. sits down at desk and writes for some moments, speaking as he writes.)

F.: "Pay to the order of——" What is your name?

Con.: Jack Osborne.

F.: "To the order of Jack Osborne, $250,000." Do you know anything about checks?

Con.: No.

F.: Well, you will have to sign your name here. (Arises and points to place on check. Convict lays down gun and bends over to sign. F. seizes gun and strikes him on the head. Con. cries out and collapses. F. drags him out at left. Father returns and going to telephone, calls up prison. Hello, Central! Give me 3432.—Pause.) I wish to speak to the warden. This is Mr. ——— speaking. The guards were right, the convict was in my home and I have captured him. Send the guards right over. Thank you—Good-bye. (Jim entering from right.)

Jim: Did I hear a noise in here a few minutes ago?

F.: Jim, lad, I saved your life. In that room is an escaped convict. He claimed he was innocent, that the crime of which he was accused was committed by a man who looked like him. He was going to kill that man. Jim—He looks like you!

Jim: Like me! I must see him. (meantime guards come)

Jim: (Unseen at left) Dad, keep them outside for a few minutes.

F.: (To guards) Wait here for a few minutes. (They stay outside) enter Jim.

Jim: Dad!

F.: Jim!

Jim: I couldn't help it, dad. I couldn't stand it any longer. I did the shooting that sent that poor devil up for life. But the remorse was too much. That's why I built this house here, so I could look out at the prison, where I ought to be. Sooner or later, I would have given myself up anyhow. I have committed a grave injustice to that poor fellow. Treat him as a son in my place. (goes to door rear) Good bye, dad.

F.: Good bye, Jim. (Exit Jim.—Enter Con.)

Con. (with hand on sore head, sees Jim's bathrobe around him.) What in h—l does this mean?

F.: You are a free man! My son committed the crime for which you suffered, and he has given himself up to the authorities. He wants me to undo the wrong he has done you, son. (Holds out hand) Con. hesitates then grasps it.



Junior Play

The Junior class, after much deliberation, decided to give "The Big Idea," a play within a play, by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton.

The play showed the hard work of an excellent cast. It deals with the efforts of Dick Howard to free his father from a charge of embezzling funds from the bank of which he is president.

Through the efforts of Elaine Foster and Bob Caswell, and also aided by his own talent for drama writting, Dick Howard finally, after a hard struggle, manages to sell his drama to Mr. Gilmore, a playwright, and so refunds the money his father had embezzled.

The play abounded in exciting situations. The interest of the audience was keyed to he highest pitch when Mr. Howard, during an interview with Dick, attempted to take his life.

Humor, after intensive moments in the play, was furnished by the belligerent Mr. Byrnes and the persistent little maid.

The cast was as follows:

Dick Howard ---------- Donald Metcalf
Bob Caswell ---------- Frank Donnelly
Mr. Howard ---------- Russell Shepherd
Mr. Byrnes ---------- George Alderton
Mr. Gilmore ---------- William Dembenski
His Partner ---------- Julius Powers
The Office Boy ---------- Edward Wilde
Elaine Foster ---------- Donna Donnelly
Mrs. Howard ---------- Doris Jost
Elsie Howard ---------- Helen Southgate
The Maid ---------- Margaret Kanzler

The play was presented at Pioneer Hall on January 28, 1921 under the direction of Hugo A. Richerman, head of the Public Speaking Department of Arthur Hill High School.

MILTON WAGER



Spanish Play

Upon May 28, there was presented at the Pioneer Hall under the auspices of the Spanish Club, a play entitled —Uno de Ellos Debe Carsarse (One of Them Must Marry). The play was delivered in the Spanish dialect, the jist of the play being given in English before the rise of the curtain. Espanolers were out to enjoy a tip-top Spanish night and were Espanoling to their hearts content throughout the evening.

The play deals with the love affair of two brothers. Upon his death bed, their father had stated that one of them should marry. The brothers decide to settle this question by means of a lottery. It falls to the lot of Diego to become married and, as he is not proficient in the art of love making, his brother Juan volunteers to assist him. Juan proceeds to make love to Luisa, Deigo's choice, but he becomes so ardent in his love making, that he goes so far as to pop-the-question. Luisa, realizing that it is one chance in a life time, willfully accepts.

The cast:

Tia Maria _____Etta Steilow
Juan Ruiz _____Edward MacRae
Diego _____ R. Allardyce
Luisa _____ Daisy Hollies



CAST OF "THE MAN ON THE BOX"

The Senior Play

We had a hard time deciding, but finally presented, as the Senior Play, "The Man On the Box" a three-act comedy by Grace Livingston Furniss, (adopted from the novel of Harold McGrath).

According to the precedent set by the Class of '20, the play was given at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, May 19. The play made a tremendous hit with the audience, due to its many laughter provoking scenes.

The plot, in brief, deals with the love affair between Lieutenant Robert Worburton, disguised as a groom, and Miss Betty Annesley, daughter of Colonel George Annesley. There is a rather important sub-plot, however, which has to do with the intriguing schemes of one, Count Karloff, a Russian diplomat, to secure from Col. Annesley, the fortification plans of America. Col. Annesley, aided by Lt. Worburton alias James Osborne, the groom, finally defeats the scheming Karloff.

The audience was stirred keenly by the scene between Col. Annesley and Count Karloff. Although Col. Annesley tried with all his will power to keep from becoming a traitor to his country by selling the fortification plans, he believed he was forced to do so by "grinding necessity" as Count Karloff put it. He was finally relieved from becoming a traitor by the final defeat of Karloff.

Much humor was introduced throughout the play after some of these intensive scenes.

The cast was as follows:

Lieutenant Robert Worburton ---Wolferd Ochsenkehl
Mr. Charles Henderson ---Henry Kehren
Col. George Annesley ---Morgan Gile
Count Karloff ---Roscoe Hefron
Col. Frank Raleigh ---Duane Chamberlain
Monsieur Pierre ---Milton Wager
Magistrate Watts ---Roscoe Hefron
Clerk of the Court ---Herbert Wettlaufer
Officer O'Brien ---Robert Allardyce
Officer Cassidy ---Maurice Brown
William—The Stable Boy ---Leslie Eynon
Miss Betty Annesley ---Olive Hymans
Miss Nancy Worburton ---Ida Osterbeck
Cora, the maid ---Leota Goodrow
Mrs. Conway ---Margaret Curtis

All Lies!

Lies—Aspirations—Lies.

After being with this grand body of students for four years, and after studying their inclinations and wishes to an extent which this writing will show, we will endeavor to portray the desires and hopes of each one's heart.

Roscoe Hefron has long wished to become a missionary to China and will, at last, after tireless efforts, persuade Irene Gelinas to become his wife and co-worker in this office.

W. Ocksenkehl looks forward to the time when he will be a minister in some little church, where all his parishoners will revere his teachings.

It is the earnest wish of Ann Powell and Harry Gnatkowski to become basketball coaches in our new school.

The one desire of Lauretta Bluem is to be a celebrated artist. Her studio is to situated at St. Charles. Ila Marble, her old school mate, never will be happy until her editorials for the Literary Digest are accepted and published regularly.

There are a few of our girls who desire to be a little different than the rest of us. Elizabeth Alderton, Irene Gross, Otillia Zorn, and Irma Grumwell have chosen the political field and will one day, no doubt, be very popular as suffragettes.

Some classes have champions in one line, some in another; in ours, however, we have Harry Burrows and Junior Rockwood who have one heartfelt desire. It is to become expert boxers.

You will gasp for breath, it is certain, when you hear that our schoolmates, Ruth Appleby, Elma Bradford, and Dorothy Schendel intend to join Ringling Bros. circus as tight-rope walkers. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and we wish them success.

Karl Compton and Ella Haines married and leaders of society in New York? It can't be possible! Oh yes it can, for such is their aspiration. We understand that Ella does not mean to take as active a part in society as Karl, her nature being of the quiet sort, but she intends to assist him in all his efforts.

There is one girl in our class who wishes for one thing, more than anything else in the world. She desires to become an instructor for the deaf and dumb in the city of Lawndale. Of course, by this time you all know who she is, don't you? For fear there is any one who is in doubt, I will tell you her name, Ida Osterbeck.

Yes, she did have a literary turn of mind, but that is not her only ambition. You will see Catherine Rice as a waitness in the Fordney Hotel immediately after graduation.

All that is improbable is not impossible. Do you know that Lydia Christ, Lillian Reisner, Mildred Heidger, and Helen Claflin are pursuing a similar course? They will, one after another, take the places of the movie stars who will be compelled to give up their reign of popularity on account of age or some other infirmity. We wish them all the success, which we know they will deserve.

Ethel Curran has decided to sing in Grand Opera and hopes some day to marry a duke from Paris.

Bishop Davis' one aspiration is to become a celebrated physician in St. Louis, Mich. He means to preside over a large hospital in that city, and earnestly desires that Margaret Pitts and Francis Duff shall be nurses under his direction.

Will strange things never cease happening? Maurice Brown, it

is rumored, can dream of but one thing, sleeping or walking, and that is that he might some day become the Mayor of Bridgeport. We can only solve the mystery in this way. Hazel Beach and Olive Hymans intend to make that city their future home.

"Of all the things in heaven and earth, a man is of the smallest worth." Such is the way Ruth Schoeneberg and Sylvia Kaiser feel; for the former has decided that she will hold the position of dean at Vassar during her lifetime, and the latter means to spend her life in the same school. They have always been so studious, that we feel confident that they will make a success of their life work.

The class of '21 will soon be able to boast of three very successful detectives. Rudolph Krause, Harlem Volker, and Russell Swarthout. They will work under a powerful detective bureau in Chicago.

Rumors say that Leota Goodrow and Bob Allardyce are engaged, and are to be married very soon.

Orville Gile says that if he could have two wishes granted to him, the first would be to have Evelyn Richter for his wife, and the second would be to have a quiet little farm in the southern part of Michigan. We hope the Fairy Godmother will appear very soon, Orville. We all are very anxious to come to the wedding.

Claude Clark and Dick Rankin are striving towards the same goal. They earnestly wish to be champion football players at Yale. We wish them good luck.

Leslie Eynon and Enoch Yates intend to follow the same line. They wish to become dancing school masters in Paris. No doubt they will soon be able to start a school of their own. We strongly suspect that Ethel Curran's presence in Paris is the magnet which draws Leslie's aspirations in that direction.

Don't judge a person by his quiet sober manner. Russell Shepard will soon be leading comedian in one of the best musical comedies of the day. Ruth Avery expects to be a dancer in the same company.

Can you imagine Art Curran and Edward Peters as policemen? If you have been dreaming of this turn of affairs, your dreams will soon be realized. It is rather dangerous, if you are not careful, to wear the invisible blue.

You say he sells carpet beaters? No, no, he is a temperance leader. Who? Elmo Wilkinson. Go to it, Elmo, we're with you.

Carrie Purchase and Hazel Baskins have a mutual train of thought in one respect. They wish to travel abroad and they want, especially, to visit Africa. We wish them a pleasant trip. Dorothy Doerfner did intend to accompany them, but lately she has decided that she would rather remain at home and sell tickets in the dance hall at Riverside Park.

Margaret Curtis has been dreaming of a chic millinery shop on Fifth Ave. After graduation she intends to realize her dreams. Lena Pankonin expects to become her assistant. We are rather surprised, Margaret, but you have our best wishes.

Lloyd Wiltse will also take up athletics in college where he is to finish his education. He intends to turn out for basketball and secure the place of jumping center.

Walter Roeser expects to take up his work in an entirely different field. In a few years he expects to be a country school master, feared and looked up to by the small boys under his rule.

Did you know that it is soon to be a very popular thing for a woman to hold the position of a minister? Pauline Smith is considering a position of this kind. Warren Thompson intends to take up this same line of work. We sincerely hope they will prosper and

never falter from their purpose.

Laura Schwahn will soon be studying hard in college. She intends to be a physical culture teacher. Gretchen Roethke seems inclined in the same direction. They both wish to teach gymnasium in the Y. W. C. A.

In the fall of 1922, if you should visit the Western Union Telegraph office in Chicago, you would see there, among the little blue uniformed boys, Arthur Witham, faithfully performing his duty as a messenger boy.

Ringling Bros. circus seems to have a great attraction for the girls and boys of our class. Milton Wager hopes to be an animal trainer in said circus.

Herbert Wettlaufer has a small general store in view, in the vicinity of Zilwaukee. If he carries out his inclination, he will be sole proprietor of this little store for the greater part of his life.

I suppose you have been thinking we are not patriotic, but we are not slackers by any means. Edward Ure and Clarence Wilkinson hope, by hard work and patient endurance, to secure prominent places in the U. S. Army.

We have several classmates who seem to have talent in the direction of the theater. Leona Dollhoph, Fyliss Ostrander, Erma Wiltse, and Ruth Zander may be seen many times each day, whenever they have a little spare time, practicing fancy dances and drills, so that they may be fitted to enter the Jeffers next fall as chorus girls.

Henry Kehren will be a very prominent figure at Palm Beach next season, if his present desires are fulfilled. His dear friend, Russell Brandt, will accompany him and assist him in his work. As life savers, boys, we are sure that you will fit the bill.

Etta Stielow and Caroline Meyer seem to think that there is one thing, and one thing only, that would afford a pleasing occupation for young ladies. They, no doubt, in the near future, will be traveling saleswomen. They wish to specialize in the selling of Mazola Oil as a substitute for all other fats used in cooking.

Almost anytime of the day, you can see a certain young lady in high school studying hard in order that she might excell in public speaking. This industrious young miss is Alma Weichmann. She tells us that it is her greatest desire to become an orator.

Ella Turnbull is another very studious person when public speaking is being considered. However, we learn that written discourse is more to her liking than oratory.

Gladys and Grace Harper expect to have the entire management of a large ranch in the West. They have been considering a proposition of this kind for a long time, and have finally decided to purchase the ranch known as Circle O.

John Herzog will be engaged as overseer and expert cowpuncher, if the plans of all concerned work out as they are expected.

I see a bachelor, middle-aged, living the life of a hermit on a farm in the southern part of the state. He is Jim Hay. Such is the picture as portrayed to me through the actions and words of this young man.

Nellie Blackstone and Ellen Morgan, who have always been such close companions, are now planning a task which will still enable them to be together. The goal for which they are striving is to give swimming lessons at Wenona Beach.

Parlez-vous, Francais? Oui! Says Ed. Cherry, "That is what I will soon be teaching, if I have my way about it. I hope to be a French professor some day." Best wishes, Ed.

Our firm and steadfast companion, Bessie Close, wishes to be a stern, haughty, principal in a girl's finishing school at Philadelphia. It's hard to believe, but Bessie is determined. Walter Bonhoff says that if Bessie is to be at that school he will be there too, and so we expect he will take the place of the janitor, whenever it is possible for him to do so.

Duane Chamberlain has promised to accept the office of head organizer for the Boy Scout's association at Hemlock. Earl Marquis desires to be his chief assistant.

Russell Stickney, Joe Robertson, and Winifred Lange wish to become expert stone road builders. They are considering a contract which has been offered them, and intend to take up this work upon leaving school this June.

Carol Redmond and Frank McDermid have always been such close companions, that they think it would be a wise and agreeable plan to attend M. A. C. together.

Edith Miller has one thought that is continually on her mind. She thinks and hopes that some happy day she may be slim. She is trying Dr. Brady's rolls as a reducing exercise at the present time. We wish you success, Edith.

Gladys Plambeck will enter college after completing her course at Arthur Hill and study to become a domestic science and art teacher in our new school building.

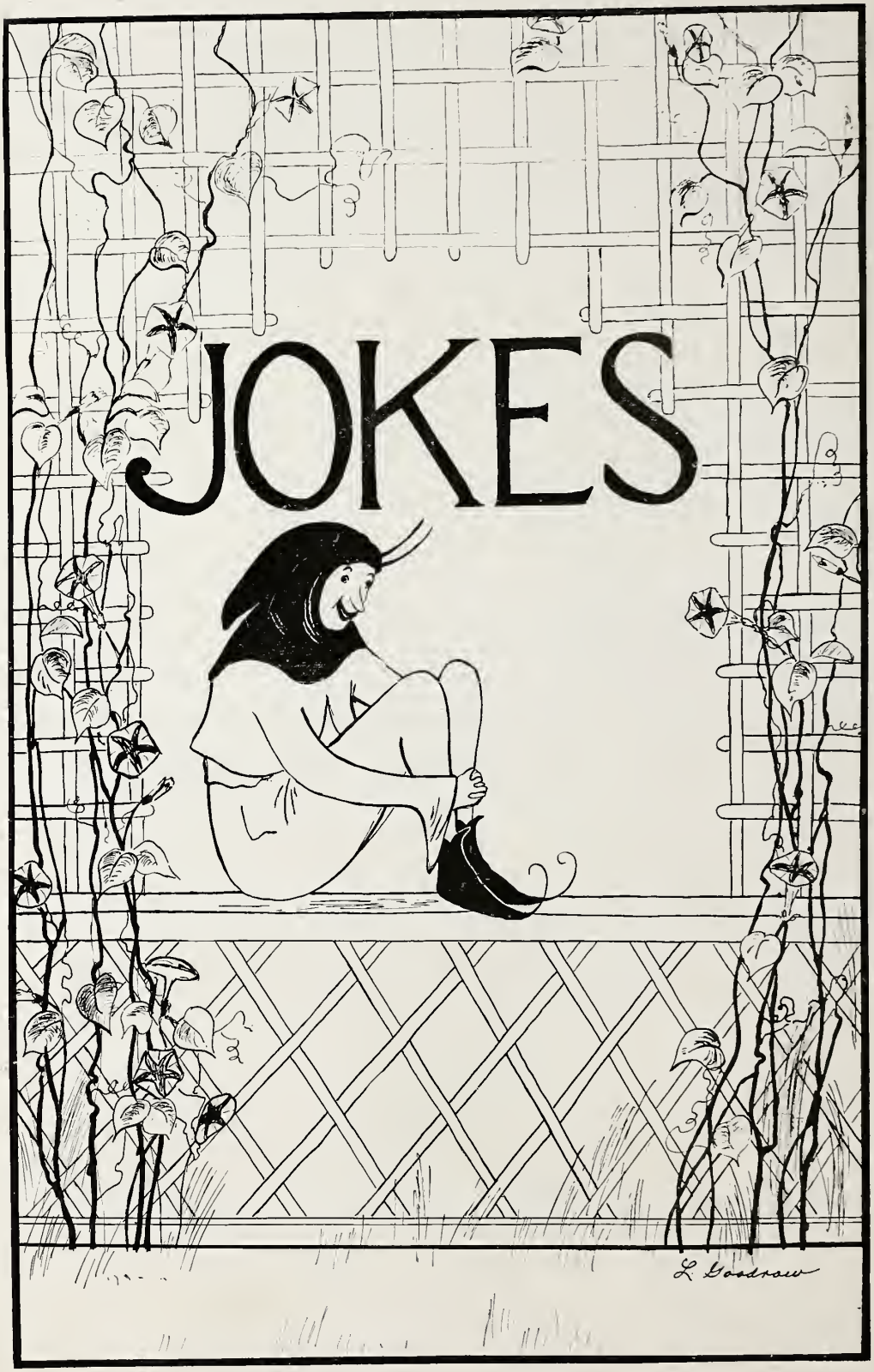
Dorothy Lewellyn is looking forward to the time when she will live as a quiet little spinster in some remote village near the Katskill mountains.

Dorothea Reichle will commence immediately after leaving school to master the art of shorthand. She aspires to hold the championship in a few years. Good luck.

We have related to you, to the best of our ability, the hopes which have found a home in the hearts of our school mates for many years. If anyone who may read this little writing finds is possible to aid any of these people in furthering their purposes, let him do so and receive a grateful heart in return for his labor.

O. HYMANS.
C. PURCHASE.




JOKES
L Goodrow

Heard in a Girl's Cloakroom

H. Beach—'Dick asked me to go to the All School Party tonight. Gee, I hope he's sick."

Teacher—"Was Lancelot in knightly costume when he set out in search of the Holy Grail?"
Student—"No'm, he was in the clothes he wore in the day time."

Miss Morgan—"Flint is noted for automobiles, and when we mention Battle Creek, we think of breakfast foods. Now, what is Saginaw noted for?"
Class (one yell)—"Moonshine!"

Miss Foote, telling some of her former experiences: "Before I came here, I taught a class in zoology sophomore you know, and it was the first time I had ever taught reptiles."

Due to our new marking system, many of our very lively students have received the following upon their report cards:

Eng.	History	Oral Eng.	Physics
D	E	A	D

Miss Morgan—"Who discovered tobacco in the United States?"
Warren Thomson—"Prince Albert."

Miss Morgan—"What did the colonists raise on the river bottoms?"
Harry Gnathowske—"Mostly fish."

Miss Ascher—"What do girls do for recreation?"
Curly Norton—"Fix their hair."

Roscoe Hefron—"When girls are present, fellows refrain from swearing."
Wilfred Ochsenkehl—"They may not swear, but they do a devil of a lot of thinking."

Bessie Close—The Senior Party will be held—Saturday, March 19."
Morris Brown—"Aw, I can't go; that's the night I take my annual bath."

Miss Boyles—"Ann, explain this passage, please: 'Sir Rodger de Coverly's coat was in and out six times.' "
Ann Powell—"It means his coat has been in the wash six times."
Ruth Schoeneberg—"Aw, she's wrong, it means his coat was turned inside out six times."
Harry Gnathowski—"You're all wrong, it means his coat was out of style and in style at six different times."
Miss Boyle—"Correct, my boy, correct."

The school orchestra had just rendered a most pathetic selection. Mr. Steel rose and said:
Just think of a nice new building where this wonderful orchestra can practice in a room where no one can hear it."
Miss Sickels—"Oh, I didn't think they were that bad."

Mr. Morrison talks so much about co-operation, we wonder if he enjoys his home life.

Mr. Morrison (just after diving into the Y pool):
"Boy, that's the coldest plunge I've taken in a long while."
Sy Perkins—"What's the matter, did your wife leave you?"

Roy—"What is a delicate woman?"
Ila—"One that catches cold every time she tears her hair net."

Toots Bluem received a severe scolding when the following note was found by his mother:

"Her hands were cold,
As cold as ice.
Did I hold them?
No! She sat on them."

Miss Kilbourne—"Warren, give a sentence with indigo in it."
(Lapse of three minutes)—"The baby, (pause) was in de go cart."

Hay—"No lie has ever passed my lips."
Davis—"No, you talk through your nose."

Curly—"What is a ground hog?"
Marq—"A frankfurter."

Hefron—"Helup! Helup! Oxe's stuck in the mud."
Gile—"How deep?"
Hefron—"Up to his knees."
Gile—"Tell him to walk out."
Hefron—"He's in the wrong way."

A railroad received the following message:
Dear Sirs:
My razor back, strolled down your track, a week ago today. Your "29" came down the line, and snuffed his life away. You can't blame me, the hog you see, slipped through a cattle gate. So kindly pen a check for ten, the debt to liquidate.

Yours truly,
CAROL COMPTON.

He received this answer:
Dear Sir:
Your razor back, strolled down our track, a week ago, we know. But razor backs, on railroad tracks, quite often meet with woe. You see my friend, we cannot send, the check for which you pine. So plant the dead, place o'er his head: "Here lies a foolish swine."

Fresh—"How long should a girl's skirt be?"
Soph—"A little over two feet."

Scheib—"Why do you call your rifle, Roscoe?"
Grube—"It's a smooth bore."

Cox—"I know you."
Ethel—"Who am I?"
Cox—"Nobody."
Ethel—"Good heavens, I am discovered."

"Who were the first gamblers?"
"Adam and Eve."
"How so?"
"Didn't they shake a par-o-dice?"

Snyder—"Mother gives me a penny every time I take my medicine."
Zass—"What do you do with the money?"
Snyder—"I save it and when I get 75 cents mother uses it to buy a new bottle."

A young man whose funds were slack was looking under the side of the big tent at the circus.
A donkey came along and succeeded in kicking him into the center of the ring.
"How did you get in here?" asked the amazed and angry ring master.
"I was as'ted in here," replied the befumbled lad.

Paw—"Wall, I'm glad to see that Si is doin' suthin with his music in college."
Nell—"Is he?"
Paw—"Yes, he writes home that he's playing third base on the college nine."

East Sider—"Who won the game?"
Second—"The surgeons haven't decided yet."

Jew—"Fritz, you owe me ten dollars."
German—"Nein, Abe, nein."
Jew—"Vell, I'll make it nine diss time."

Metcalf—"Can the sardine box?"
Ross—"No, but the tomato can."

Boy—"Gimme a penny's worth of mixed candies."
Grocer—"Here's two my lad. You can mix them yourself."

Louis Coash says he doesn't like pears, we wonder why.

Pete Lang—"Would you call snoring sheet music?"

Most Things go to the buyer, but coal goes to the cellar.

Olaf, working in a warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror stricken, the other employees rushed down stairs only to find him picking himself, unharmed, out of the rubbish.
"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tal' em Ay had to come down for nails, anyway."

Cox—"If you stood in my shoes, what would you do?"
Powers—"Get a shine."

Traveler—"The sea makes me so sad."
Old Salt—"Why so?"
Traveler—"I hate to see the foam running over the bar."

A colored servant went to his old home to teach his brother manners. His brother at the table, one day, said to him. "Gimme some 'lasses, Sam."
"You mustn't say 'lasses," corrected Sam. "You must say molasses."
"What is you talkin' about?" grunted his brother. "How's I gwine to say mo' 'lasses when I ain't had none yet?"

Two actors were boasting about their dramatic exploits.
"Aha, my boy," said one, "when I played Hamlet the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the theater."
The other looked at him. "Was he lame?" he inquired gently.

Rudolph was always making breaks. So it was at a dinner party his neighbor, a lady, said to him:
"I believe that men's clothes should match their hair."
"That may be," bungled he, "but suppose a man is bald."

Catherine—"When I sing the tears come into my eyes. What can I do for this?"
Kid—"Stuff cotton in your ears."

Joe—"Dad, why do you keep humming that air?"
Dad—"Because it haunts me so."
Joe—"No wonder you are murdering it."

George N.—"She dropped her eyes—"
George A.—"That must have been when her face fell."

Mack—"Hazel Beach, answer the question."
H. B.—"I don't know."
Mack—"It's no wonder, you're spending too much time on your lips."

Leota—"When I get a car, I want one which will suit me."
Edward—"Then, my dear, you had better get a run about."

Just So

Man's hair turns gray before womans,
That's known in every clime,
The explanation's easy, for he wears his all the time.

Miss Appleby says her new dress falls a little below her expectations. We notice they are making them short this year.

Miss Morgan—"Is there any question about today's lesson?"
Eynon—"Where is it?"

John Herzog—"I don't like these photographs at all. I look like an ape."
Mrs. Blackwell, (favoring him with a look of lofty disdain)—"You should have thought of that before you had them taken."

Slander

Council—"Was the prisoner sober?"
Witness—"No sir. He was drunk as a judge."
The Judge—"You mean as drunk as a lord."
Witness—"Yes, my lord."

E. J.—"What is the most nervous thing, next to a girl?"
R. Swarthout—"Me, next to a girl."

"Three men on base and Joe at bat," said Henry. "Here's where we make the squeeze."
"Oh, Henry, dear," said Olive, "don't do it here. It's so public, please."

Mrs. Chicken—"I am all tired out! I would go home for a visit with my mother but they tell me she was an incubator."

Tanner—"Why is a policeman like a rainbow?"
Fay: "Because he never turns up until after the storm."

American—"Over in America we have lilac bushes 50 feet high."
Frenchman—"I wish I could lilac that!"

Irish Doctor—"Well, I've knocked the fayver out of him anyhow."
Wife—"Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"
Doctor—"Small chance, I'm afraid, madam; but you'll have the satisfaction of knowing he died cured."

Davis (feeling sulky said to Miss Morgan): "You can't even walk down the aisle any more without someone jumping on your neck."
"You'll never see me on your neck, Mr. Davis," replied Miss Morgan.

Don—"This fish is very rich."
Bill—"Yes, it is well supplied with bones."

Dick—"Cheer up, old man. Why don't you drown your sorrow?"
Chick—"She's bigger than I am, and besides, it would be murder."

Hawkins—"Men lose their hair because they use their brains too much."
Pinky—"Do you notice that women don't have whiskers."

Catherine—"Captain why do they always refer to a ship as she?"
Captain—"You wouldn't ask that question if you tried to steer one."

Hazel B.—"Lady Macbeth was a small women, for a large woman couldn't have had her brains."
Miss K.—"Any insinuations, Hazel?"

Fat—"Mr. Hefron is very forgetful. I heard he left his false teeth in Bay City last month."
Skin—"That's nothing, I heard he was going to Oklahoma for his lungs."
"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" asked an inquisitive woman.
Dorothy—"Yes, it's a lock of my husband's hair."
"But your husband is still alive!" the lady exclaimed with surprise.
Dorothy—"Yes, that is true, but his hair is gone."

"Now Pat," said a magistrate sympathetically to an old offender, "what brought you here again?"
"Two policemen, sor," was the laconic reply.
"Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate.
"Yes, sor," said Pat without relaxing a muscle, "both of them."

Morrison: "Will Winifred be at school today?"
Mrs. Lang—"No, my son will be unable to attend as he has just shaved himself for the first time."

Zass—"I vish I vas religious as Abe."
Art—"Vy?"
Zass—"He holds his hands so tight in church that he can't open them ven day pass the plate."

In introducing a speaker, Mr. Allen said: "We have a speaker who will speak of fools, by one (long pause) of the best speakers in America."
The man rose and said: "I am not so big a fool as Professor Allen there, (pause) would have you believe."

Think it Over

"Why can't the husband of a grass widow marry a widow?"
"Because he ain't."
"Kerekt."

Home Companion

"I know a man that has been married thirty years and he spends all his evenings at home."
"That's what I call love."
"Oh, no, it's paralysis."

Maid (from next door)—"Mr. Jones sends his compliments and would you please shoot your dog as it keeps him awake?"
Mr. Hart—" Give my respects to Mr. Jones and tell him I shall be greatly his debtor if he will poison his daughter and burn his piano."

Teacher—"What are the sister states?"
C. J.—"I'm not sure, but I think they are Miss Ouri, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Calie Fornia, Louisa Ann, Della Ware, Minnie Sota, and Mrs. Sippi.

Soldier (to his captain)—"Captain, may I have a furlough? My wife and three children are down sick with diphtheria."
"Your wife just wrote me and said she didn't want you home."
"That means I don't get a furlough then?"
"Yes."
"Say, captain, there are two liars in this room, and I'm one of them, I'm not married."

Sadie Doerfner—"Don't you think Albertine's voice ought to be cultivated?"
Miss Sickles—"No, I think it should be harvested."

A western evangelist makes a practice of painting religious mottos on rocks and stones along the public highways. On one big flat rock he painted these words, "What Will You Do When You Die?"

An advertising gazabo came along and painted underneath that question, "Use Delta Oil; Good for Burns."

Judge (to prisoner)—"What's your name?"
Prisoner—"S-s-stephen S-s-smith, s-s-sir."
Judge—"Where do you live?"
Prisoner—"S-s-surry S-t-treet S-s-surbition, S-i-sir."
Judge (to policeman)—"Constable, what is this man charged with?"
Constable—"Begor, sir, Oi think he's charged with sodywather."

Olive—
"But"—
"No!"
"Just"—
"No."
"Once"—
"No."
"Please"—
"N———"
****

"Henry, why didn't you shave?"

Prof. Rodock—"When you examine a dog's lungs under the microscope, what do you find?"
Pinky—"The seat of his pants, I suppose."

Frank D.—"What shape is the world in?"
Ralph S.—"The book says it's round, but dad says it's in a hang of a shape."

Miss Rings—"Mr. Smith, I see you have a bad cold."
Fay (with a tremendous snuffle)—"You don't see it now, do you?"

Chipie—"How long can a person live without brains?"
Dick—"How old are you?"

Judge—"You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead."
Sentenced—"Oh, Judge, I believe you are stringing me."

Ruth A.—"Really, I seldom cross my feet in a jitney."
Hazel B.—"I hardly ever wear silk ones either."

Heard After the Junior Play.

M. W.—"Can you drive with one hand?"
Chas. (eagerly)—"You bet I can."
Marian (sweetly)—"Then pick up my handkerchief from the floor, will you please?"

Brownie—"Conditions in Mexico are still pretty muddy."
Wagner—"Yes, it's a country of frequent reigns."

Grube—"How was that snapshot of Morgan in his bathing suit?"
Skinny—"No good."
Chas.—"What was the matter?"
Skinny—"Too much exposure."

Daring—"There, I'll have no more trouble with this book. I just took out its appendix."

Powers—"Can't you speak to a gentleman when you see him?"
Gugle—"Where is he?"

Art W.—"Where do you bathe?"
Kid R.—"In the spring."
Art W.—"No, no, not when. Where?"

Miss Kilbourne (angrily)—"Do you want to talk?"
Class (one yell)—"Yes."
Miss K.—"Well, I don't want you to."
Roy (as the team goes by)—"Look! There goes Friske, the short stop. He'll soon be our best man."
Erma—"Oh, Roy; this is so sudden."

Laborer—"Hurrah for the Red—"
Pugilist—"What's that?"
Laborer—"White and Blue."

Fat—"Im Mr. Morrison doesn't take back what he said this morning, I am going to leave High School."
Jack—"What did he say?"
Fat—"He told me to leave."

Then the minister spoke: "Let the lights of the wicked be put out." The church became instantly dark. Then the minister spoke again with perfect presence of mind: "We will now spend a few minutes of silent meditation for the electric light company."

Tit for Tat

Husband to young wife after a party: "Was that you I kissed in the hall, love?"
"What time was it, dear?"

Mr. Shepherd had reached the climax of his speech and said: "Hell is full of cock-tails, high-balls, and peek-a-boo waists."
Hackett (from balcony)—"Oh death, where is thy stinger?"

Mistress (to cook from the country)—"Well, what do you think of our gas fires?"
Cook—"I think them wonderful, ma'am. Why those in the kitchen haven't gone out since I came here over a week ago."

That girl's heir—
Yes, isn't it awful—
To three million.
Nice.

M. Tanner—"Why is an empty purse always the same, my boy?"
R. M.—" 'fraid I can't tell you."
M. Tanner—"Why, because you never see any change in it."

"What's the matter, Abe? You're looking worried."
"Work—nothin' but work—from morning till night."
" 'Ow long have you been at it?"
"I begin tomorrow."

Why does an ostrich have such a long neck?
Because its head is so far away from its body, I guess.

"What part of the town do you live in?"
"I live in the petticoats."
"Where?"
"Just inside the outskirts."

Davis—"Mother is going to act as chaperon."
Ann—"Is she a good one?"
Davis—"You bet, she's rather deaf, and I'll see that she loses her glasses."

No Place for a Fat Man

The elevator boy was only ten years old and small for his age. Into the building wheezed a regular fat man, one of the kind nobody loves. He eyed the lad for a moment and then observed, "You're a pretty small boy to be running an elevator, ain't you, Bob?"
"Yes, sir," answered the boy and there was a twinkle in his eye. "But you see, they hired me 'cause the ropes broke with the heavier boys."
The fat man painfully wheezed his way up the winding stairway.

So Miss Jones is angry with her doctor. Why is that?"
"He tactlessly remarked that he would soon have her looking like her old self again.

"Do you know why a man's hair turns gray before his mustache?"
"No. Why?"
"It's about twenty years older."

Poetry—No, I Guess Not

Little drops of water
Freezing as they fall;
Fat man's feet fly upward,
"Biff!" and that is all.

Fresh—"Can you tell me why the Statue of Liberty's hand is just eleven inches long?"
Soph—"Why, certainly, if they had made it any longer it would have been a foot."

Quack—"Did you follow that prescription I gave you for rheumatism?"
Hick—"If I had I'd have broken my neck."
Quack—"Why?"
Hick—"Because I threw it out of the window."

Jones—"So you're a speculator now. What are you, a bear or a bull?"
Smith—"Neither, they made a monkey out of me."

First Hobo—"They tell me that whiskey has been the death of more men than bullets."
Second Hobo— "Well, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets, wouldn't you?"

Freshman: Irresponsible.
Sophomore: Irrepressible.
Junior: Irresistible.
Senior: Irreproachable.

A minister, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed, "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you."
"I believe so, too," was the reply.

Rankin—"What kind of meat have you today?"
Butcher—"Best steak I ever had, as tender as a woman's heart."
Rankin—"Give me a pound of sausage."

Barber to (Baldy)—"Hair dyed, sir?"
Baldy—"Yes, it died about eight years ago."

Junior—"He's got a lot of horse sense, anyway."
Soph—"Sort of a stable mind, eh?"

He—"Is that you, darling?"
She—"Yes, who is this?"

Small Boy—"Mother, am I descended from an ape?"
Mother—"I don't know, John, I never knew any of your father's people."

Heard Between Dances

Hazel B.—"Gee, but Louise dances like a regular angel."
Ila M.—"I didn't know angels could dance."
Hazel—"They can't."

Roscoe H.—"I'm a garage."
Morgan G.—"How do you get that way?"
Rōscoe H.—"A car just ran into me."

Mr. Blackwell—"Look pleasant, Herbert."
Herbert W.—"Not on your life, I'm going to give these pictures to the girls so they won't want another one.

Frank Mc—"I hear Irma is a toe dancer."
Harry G.—"She sure is, the toes of my shoes are ruined."

Vincent M.—"Have you ever ridden on an ostrich?"
Elmo W.—"No, but I've gone off on a lark."

Miss Sickles—"Boys, you are just murdering that time."
Dick Rankin (stage whisper)—"Well, that's better than beating it all the time like you do."

What is the most generous criminal in the world?
A skunk, because he gives everyone passing a scent.

Dorothy—"What became of the fellow you were sitting in the hammock with the other night?"
Caroline—"We fell out."

Laura and Pete were trying to get through the crowd.
Laura—"Don't you think we can squeeze in here?"
Pete (embarrassed)—"Ah—er, don't you think we had better wait until we get home?"

Miss Morgan—"When did the revival of learning begin?"
Kid Roeser—"Just before the exam."

Jim H.—"I think stolen kisses are fine, don't you?"
Jack O.—"Sometimes fine, sometimes ten days."

Fyliss—"What was that secret about?"
Francis—"Can you keep a secret?"
Fyliss—"Sure."
Francis—"So can I."

Art Curran—"What's a hypocrite scholar?"
Ethel Curran—"I don't know, what?"
Art Curran—"One that comes to school with a smile on his face."

Warren T.—"If you were riding on a jackass, what fruit would you resemble?"
Duane C.—"A beautiful pair."

How to determine the age of a woman, according to De Haven:
"A woman is as old as she looks when her hair is on the dresser and bed three minutes away."

Mrs. John (in type class)—"We'll all type this sentence with our eyes closed."
W. Lange—"I can't."
Mrs. John—"Can't close your eyes?"
W. Lange—"Not when you're in front of me."
(Why, Winfred, who'd a ever thunk it?")

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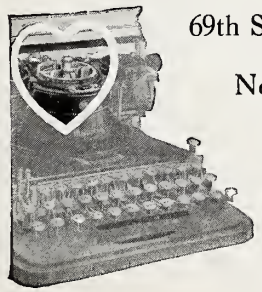
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"Go back to bed" quoth Parson Pitt,
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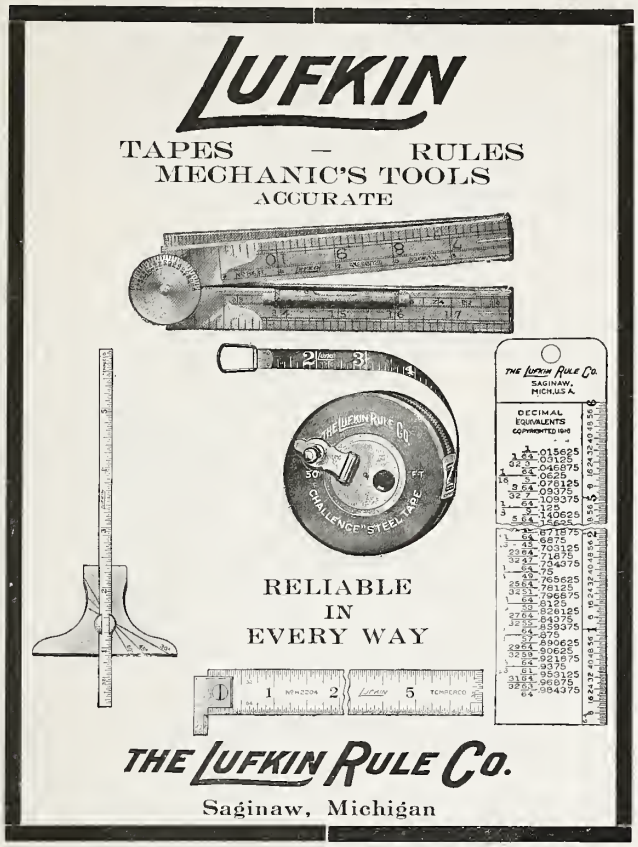
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